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The Week-end Review

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The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WITH the Services Estimates up by over £10,000,000, we are faced with a total expenditure in the coming year of some £726,000,000—an increase of £21,000,000 on the 1934 Budget. This is bitter-sweet for the Tories. They must abandon any hopes of tax relief, but they get the armaments they hanker after—or an instalment of them, for they are far from satisfied. They point to other peoples' military expenditure—Russia's increase of £150,000,000, America's £81,000,000 (for the army alone)—or to the latest semi-official protest in Germany, that an army of 400,000 men is "utterly insufficient." How do our poor little forces look in face of those figures? But what, we ask, if our forces were multiplied by three or ten or fifty? Others too will be forced up in this fearful competition. The armaments race means bankruptcy or war—or both. And it is silly to suppose the next world-war will be a mere affair of battleships and infantrymen in trenches. It will be a universal hell of ruin and death by chemicals. The only safeguard against that is a system of collective security. If the British Government were composed of realists instead of sentimental play-boys, it would be devoting all its energies to achieve such a system.

Obstruction at Geneva

We publish this week a letter from Professor Gilbert Murray which deals with the British Government's latest act of sabotage at Geneva. The Arms Trade Committee, which is almost the only living remnant of the Disarmament Conference, has been considering some mild but sensible proposals put forward by the United States. The object of this scheme is not to limit arms, or anything drastic of that kind, but merely to improve the chances of control by guaranteeing full publicity for all munitions produced and sold. On the sound principle that no regulations work without inspection "on the spot"—a principle which Great Britain has long accepted for all internal legislation—the United States delegate pressed for the right of the proposed international inspectorate to inquire in each country whether each country is carrying out its word. France, Russia, and Czechoslovakia were entirely willing, Italy was havering, when Lord Stanhope, the British delegate, extinguished the hopes of advance by buckets of courteous cold water. Amongst other charming reasons for refusing inspection on the spot, he explained that without mutual confidence no convention could be signed. Therefore we could all accept each other's words for the quantities of munitions we were making and needed no inspection. Apart from the more serious questions involved in this absurd obstructionism which is apparently intended to kill all hopes of an accepted agreement, why

does the British Government think it worth while to make Great Britain publicly ridiculous in this way?

The Revolt in Greece

The Greek revolt is now almost completely localised to Eastern Macedonia, where there is heavy fighting as we write, and Crete, where the rebel warships have been bombed by the Government aeroplanes. The censorship prevents our getting full or precise news; but it looks as though the rebels are as good as beaten. They seem to have had very little popular backing, nor, so far as we can judge, was there much reason why they should have had it. It was, as these things commonly are in Greece, a conspiracy of officers, largely of the navy, combining grievances of their own with more or less enthusiasm for the Venezelist party. That party was defeated at the polls in 1933 and has been in bitter conflict of late with the Government. How far M. Venizelos himself was responsible for the rising we do not know; but he has put himself at the head of the rebels in Crete this week. General Plastiras, who was in exile at Cannes, probably had a good deal to do with the plot. The rebels profess to be the champions of the Republic against the royalist Government. The Tsaldaris Government are undoubtedly royalists. But they repudiate any present intention of restoring the monarchy, and they accuse their opponents of aiming at a dictatorship. That is pretty certainly a true charge.

Austria Infelix

In this uneasy Europe of plots and counter-plots, trials for treason are dangerous luxuries, and the suggestion that Dr. Rintelen may attempt to defend himself for his part in the Nazi plot in Vienna last June by calling on the testimony of Major Fey opens up possibilities of interesting revelations. It seems unlikely indeed that Dr. Schuschnigg can permit the cross-examination of his Minister of the Interior, who was widely thought to have his own fingers deep in the pie. Indeed, the Austrian Government can stand very little examination from any angle. It exists because Italy and Great Britain and France find it, for the time being, the best defence against the Nazis. It is completely unrepresentative and indeed almost universally disliked. It offers no solution, economic or political, for Austria—unless indeed it leads, as Dr. Schuschnigg is believed to hope, to a restoration of the Habsburgs. His demand for "absolute sovereignty" for Austria means not only that Germany shall not interfere or demand a plebiscite or election in Austria, but also that the Little Entente shall not have the right to maintain their veto against a Habsburg solution. And the one intelligible solution of a Danubian federation seems as far off as ever. Extreme Nationalists value the pleasure they get out of mutual animosity at a higher price than peace or economic well-being.

Work-Relief and the N.R.A.

It seems as if Mr. Roosevelt will get his way over the Work Relief Bill. Conceding a few points, such as the division of the total appropriations into one or two broad categories, he has persuaded the Senate Committee to strike out the amendment which prescribed payment in all work-relief schemes of full Trade Union wage-rates. The sponsors of this amendment will presumably try to reintroduce it when the Bill comes before the full Senate for reconsideration; but they are thought unlikely to succeed. The American Federation of Labor is not strong enough to carry its point, which would hardly have been accepted in the first place unless its supporters had been aided by reactionaries eager to wreck the Bill. Mr. Roosevelt will get the powers he wants and go on with his work-relief plans; and if he does find work at any living wage, probably most workers will be on his side rather than that of the A.F. of L. For the moment, then, the Roosevelt star is again rising; but the struggle over the N.R.A. lies just ahead and is likely to be bitter and protracted. The President, by handing over the drafting of the required Bill to Congress instead of drafting it himself, has done a good deal towards making his own position impregnable and drawing upon Congress the opposition fire. He can thus move more easily to the Right, leaving Big Business to fight the battle out with the Congress "wild men" while he sits on the fence. Organised Labour will be angry at his latest manoeuvres; but the President is at present far more eager to catch capitalist confidence than frightened of the Socialists or the A.F. of L.

The King of Siam

The monarch who loses his throne because he is too despotic for his subjects is a not uncommon spectacle. But King Prajadhipok of Siam, who has been living in England for some months, has been driven to abdicate for the opposite reason. He apparently found himself in something like the position of Louis XVIII in 1815, faced with a Parliament that was "plus royaliste que le roi." The present Government and National Assembly of Siam established themselves by a *coup d'état*, and their regime, though it began with democratic professions, soon smelt strongly of dictatorship. The King apparently has no objection to being a constitutional monarch; but he refuses to be a tyrant with his hands tied. He objects to restrictions of popular liberties imposed by the Government, to the "one party system" and to the single chamber, to secret trials of persons suspected of hostility to the Government, to the interference of the army and navy in politics. Failing to come to terms with his Ministers, he has now resigned, as he puts it, for his people's good. It remains to be seen how Siam will fare under his successor, a boy who is apparently awaiting the consent of his grandmother to his mounting the throne.

Dr. Schacht and the Führer

Dr. Schacht says it is quite a mistake to suppose that he is not a full-blown Nazi, or that he does not take his lead in economic policy, as in all else, wholly from the heaven-inspired Führer. Maybe; but the fact remains that the "Socialist" part of National Socialism has now retired very much into the background, that German capitalism seems to stand in no peril of any confiscating policy, and that Dr. Schacht's main endeavours are directed to setting the old business system back on its feet. The Führer, doubtless, fully endorses this policy; but it is none the less different from what the Führer used to say in his salad days. Apart from this, Dr. Schacht's speech was notable mainly for two things—his insistence that no great modern industrial Power could prosper without colonies to exploit, especially as sources of raw materials

and as markets within its own monetary area, and, as the corollary of this, the absence of any reference to that German self-sufficiency of which Dr. Schacht was saying so much a few months ago. This change of emphasis is the fruit of experience. Germany is confining her purchases of foreign goods to what she can afford to buy with her exports. But she is not finding this easily reconcilable with her desire to keep down unemployment and expand internal economic activity. Rumour says Dr. Schacht is looking round for a foreign loan; and perhaps, in his sweet diplomatic way, he has chosen the present moment to say that if no one will lend him any money he will have to go out for the restoration of Germany's colonial empire. The cat among the pigeons indeed—or should it be the cat among the cats, in a world so full of claws as ours is just now?

Induced Scarcity in France

The French Chamber of Deputies has passed M. Flandin's Bill for compulsory cartels in industry. Under this measure, the State is to authorise the establishment of capitalist cartels for the restriction of output, and to take power to make them compulsory on a reluctant minority where the majority of a trade agree. The declared object of the Bill, as of much of the French economic policy in recent years, is to "adjust production to consumption." M. Flandin, who professes to be an "economic liberal," has to walk carefully in proclaiming this object. The Bill, he assures the consumers, is to be purely temporary, and he sees no reason to suppose that the cartels will affect prices, or at any rate French prices in relation to foreign prices. But, if the object of the Bill is not to affect prices, what on earth is it? Certainly, that "majority of a trade" which is to be needed to set it in motion will not readily be secured unless there is a faith that it will enable prices to be raised. On this point, either M. Flandin does not mean what he says, or he can only mean that, though the Bill will raise prices, it will not raise them as high as they would have risen if France had depreciated her currency equally with other countries. That is probably true; but will it go far towards comforting the French consumers? For assuredly the cost of living in France has not fallen nearly in proportion to the appreciation of the franc in terms of non-gold currencies. Nor is it clear how the policy of deliberately restricting industrial output fits in with the expansionist policy now to be operated by the Bank of France. More money and less goods, without prices rising. Remarkable!

Is There An Unemployment Problem?

Whenever a Minister of Labour gets into very deep water over unemployment, he tries to reassure himself and the country by demonstrating that the problem does not really exist, or is at all events nothing like so serious as people have been making out. Mr. Oliver Stanley resorted to this familiar gambit on Monday, in reply to the Labour resolution. He began by assuming that his critics held the idiotic view that the whole two million unemployed workers were a permanent army of "surplus labour," went on to show that only about 400,000 had been continuously out of work for more than a year, and under a million for more than three months, and concluded that there was really nothing much the matter. Last December, he told us, industry was probably employing more people than ever before, and was even able to absorb some of the new entrants as they left school. Truly a glorious picture of economic prosperity! Naturally the unemployed are not for the most part a permanent army. In some cases the work is being definitely shared out among more than are needed, by way of organised short time. Many more slip occasionally into a job, only to be thrust out again when it is done. But are men any less unemployed because the unemployment is discontinuous?

The Railway Agreement

The railway companies and the railwaymen's Trade Unions agreed last week on the new procedure for handling wage disputes. The National Wages Board, with its array of outside members representing the general standpoints of Capital and Labour, gives place to a tribunal of three, with assessors drawn from the companies and the Unions. These assessors will have no power to vote; and the powers of the chairman are to be enlarged, so that the two sides may agree to refer any issue for settlement by him alone. Unless this is done, he will sit with two others, chosen respectively by the two sides, but not from among themselves. The decisions of the new Board will not be binding; but they are, of course, meant to carry a heavy moral weight. Before matters go at all to the Board, there will be, as before, an attempt to settle them by direct negotiation between the representatives of the two sides. Evidently, this new procedure will not prevent the railway companies and the Trade Unions from quarrelling in a crisis; but it should provide a workable method of adjusting disputes as long as both parties are in a reasonable mood. It is presumably in order to help towards this that publicity is to be avoided during negotiations, and that undertakings not to seek publicity at this stage are incorporated in the agreements.

Mr. Epstein Wins Through

Once again Mr. Jacob Epstein finds himself the centre of popular controversy. Whether deliberately or not we do not presume to inquire. For he is again exhibiting under a religious title a work likely by its brutality to offend the Man in the Street. In due course the *Daily Mirror* has refused to reproduce a photograph of this "Christ," and has thus won the congratulations of Lady Snowden, Mr. Chesterton and Miss Mary Borden. But the Dean of St. Paul's and the Pastor of Whitfield's Tabernacle give their guarded approval; Mr. Hannen Swaffer receives "an impression of unutterable dignity and resignation"; and, most surprising of all, Mr. James Douglas calls it "a mighty and majestic work of art," and recommends it being "sent on a tour of our cathedrals and our churches." The more sober and instructed art critic will probably regret that Mr. Epstein, who is not at his best in imaginative works, does not confine himself to portraiture, for which he has a dazzling talent. And the *Times*' critic seems to us right in his polite but severe criticism of this "Christ" as a work of art. It is difficult, therefore, to regard without rather sardonic amusement the applause given to this statue by some of the orthodox. For we seem to detect in them an acute, but in this case misplaced, anxiety not to appear behind the times.

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HITLER'S SNEEZE

Peace is the principal aim of British foreign policy. The National Government intend to forward this object not only by methods adopted in past years—support to the League of Nations, security agreements, international understanding and international regulation of armaments—but by any other means that may be available.

So runs the final paragraph in the White Paper published on Tuesday. Its significance lies not in the opening sentence, but in the last words. The "other means" which the Government have chosen for the promotion of peace is an increase in our armed forces at a cost of £10,000,000. This, to be sure, is no great surprise; everyone knew that it was in the wind. But the decision is none the less deplorable, and the piece of special pleading with which the Prime Minister introduces it is a sinister document. Not long since Mr. MacDonald was solemnly declaring that "arms have never yet saved a nation from war, nor have they given security to either strong or weak nations against attack." To-day he goes back on that sound belief, and invites us to subscribe to the fusty fallacy "Si vis pacem, para bellum!" It is true that the White Paper is full of pious sentiments, that it does lip service to the League and professes faith in the principle of collective security. But the emphasis is all on arms.

This increase, we are told, is a regrettable necessity. It is indeed regrettable—if so mild a word fits the case. But its necessity we deny. And its timing and the language in which it is announced make it doubly and trebly mischievous. "It is really a proof of the persistent hopefulness of the British Government," said the *Times* on Tuesday, "that the increases are being made precisely at a moment when signs of improvement are visible on the international horizon." We forbear to comment on this gem of logic; the important point is the "signs of improvement." They consisted, as the *Times* rightly observed, in the forthcoming visit of Sir John Simon and Mr. Eden to Berlin and the prospect of establishing a system of security. But within a few hours that visit was called off. Hitler has sneezed, and the light on the horizon is put out again. Nobody, of course, is under any illusion about this diplomatic cold of the Führer; it has not prevented him from attending to business as usual, or even from going to an exhibition in Berlin on Monday night. It was the immediate answer of the German Government to what the German press describes as the unfriendly, insulting and threatening language of Mr. MacDonald's White Paper. Why was this language used? It is perfectly true that public opinion in this country has been alarmed not only by the re-arming of Germany, but by the inoculation of the German peoples with the virus of militarism. But was it tactful, to say the least of it, to dilate upon the incorrigible naughtiness of Germany at the very moment when our Ministers were going to talk with her on the assumption that she wanted to be good? Was it supposed that Hitler would be intimidated, or that he was so simple as to mistake a big stick for an olive branch? Or did Downing Street intend the White Paper for home consumption only, and forget that it would be read in the Wilhelmstrasse also? Whatever explanation we may choose, there has been a bad blunder, and the National Government have been heavily snubbed. If that were all, it would not matter much. What does matter a great deal is that the hope of conciliating Germany, with all the possible consequences—a return to the League, a disarmament convention, the establishment of collective security—seems to have been indefinitely postponed.

That brings us back to the main argument of the White Paper. It propounds no policy. The Government have no policy; they have been pushed into these increased estimates by the pressure of the services and of militarist Tories, and they seek to justify them by special pleas for armaments as a guarantee of security. Other nations are arming, cries the Prime Minister—and he mentions in particular Russia, Japan and the United States, as well as Germany. We alone, in our zeal for peace, have cut down our forces below the margin of safety. The zeal for peace on the part of the National Government, we should say in parenthesis, has not been conspicuous. They have not, of course, desired war; but they have shown singularly little resolution or intelligence in their efforts to prevent it. Sir John Simon led the way in condoning and encouraging the Japanese aggression in Manchuria, and it was Japan's success in defying the League in the Far East which did as much as anything in the world to stimulate a like defiance in Germany. Nor did our representatives at the Disarmament Conference play the part of zealots for peace; they drifted and pottered, raised objections here and objections there, blew cold, or at best lukewarm, on one plan after another. This week they have deliberately, or through rank stupidity, thrown away a chance of bringing Germany back into saner courses.

These Laodiceans now tell us, with a mixture of assurance and apology, that we must further increase our strength. Why? We are not (as Russia may fairly claim to be) in any present danger of attack by any other Power. Nor is there substance in the argument that our existing forces are too weak to enable us to fulfil our obligations under the Locarno Treaty. If we were seriously threatened, and if all we had to rely on for our protection were our own arms, the increases proposed would be a trumpery affair. There is nothing much (save for the expense, which is no bagatelle) in the army and navy estimates beyond replacements, mechanisation, improved equipment and communications, and so on. Only in the air is there any considerable expansion. That, if expansion were really necessary, would be proper enough; the air arm in any future warfare will far outweigh in importance the naval and military arms. But is this extra £3,000,000 in the Air Estimates going to provide us with an adequate air force—adequate, that is to say, to the single-handed defence of Great Britain and the British Empire? The *Daily Mail* is prompt with an answer. Eighteen months ago, it says, Lord Rothermere was demanding 5,000 aeroplanes; now it seems that the number wanted is "at least 20,000"! It sounds, and it is, a fantastic suggestion. But Lord Rothermere in making it is not a mere figure of fun like Low's Colonel Blimp. He is pointing us, unconsciously no doubt, to the logical conclusion of the creed of "the strong man armed," and to what is implicit in Mr. MacDonald's White Paper.

"The Government desires to emphasise that the measures now proposed are elastic . . . they may from time to time be adjusted in either direction." In either direction

—exactly. The armaments race is on. We are already being asked to envisage the present £10,000,000 rising in a few years' time to £60,000,000. The White Paper is in effect a confession that the National Government despair of collective security; or if they have not quite given it up as a bad job, their main effort will be to convert us to a belief in—and a cheerful waste of money on—the fallacy of "national defence." The debate in the House next Monday should voice the feeling that is widespread in the country, and not in the Labour Party alone, against this folly. The present estimates are unnecessary; the future they portend is appalling, and we can only hope that the National Government will not be left to gamble with it. Meantime, there is Herr Hitler's sneeze. If peace is in truth the principal aim of British policy, Mr. MacDonald should be busy about finding him a cold cure.

A RUN FOR OUR MONEY

"By 1934 Great Britain seemed to be recovering substantially from the crisis. Although the number of unemployed still remained in excess of two millions and there was still much distress in the depressed areas, there was a large revival of activity in the building industry, due mainly to low interest rates; and the sterling group of countries materially improved its position, chiefly at the expense of countries which had remained upon the gold standard. The pound, after its sharp fall in 1931 and its further fall when President Roosevelt forced the dollar down to an artificially low value, remained fairly stable in terms of both dollars and gold currencies, such as the franc. The National Government, formed for the express purpose of seeing Great Britain through the storm, was able to congratulate itself on a definite, though still quite inadequate, improvement in the economic condition of the country. Security prices advanced, registering an increase in capitalist confidence; and international payments approximately balanced, despite a marked rise in imports, which was itself a sign of better times."

In these terms we can imagine an economic historian of the future writing of 1934; so 1934 seemed to those whose hopes and fears were, in the short run, the determinants of economic advance or recession. But what would our imaginary historian have to say of 1935? It is too early to speak with precision; but we can reasonably anticipate some of his observations.

"At the beginning of 1935 it became plain that the momentum towards economic recovery was, for the time being, exhausted. In January unemployment turned sharply upwards, at a far more than seasonal rate of increase. In the following month the Government fell into serious discredit through an unpardonable muddle over the relief of the unemployed. The attempt to introduce a new uniform system of relief led to a drastic curtailment of benefits in many districts, and provoked widespread revolt, accompanied by some rioting, in the depressed areas. The immediate surrender of the Government checked the trouble, but only at the cost of its prestige at home and abroad. At the same time, the disclosure of yet another speculative scandal in the City, involving famous names, caused repercussions going far beyond the immediate importance of the affair. The French Government, which had hitherto stood behind the deflationary policy of the Bank of France, sharply revised its attitude, in face of the rapid growth of unemployment and distress caused by the attempt to maintain the value of the franc and, without going off gold, adopted a policy of internal expansion which led to a repatriation of French funds invested abroad. In the United States, President Roosevelt veered to the right, and appeared to have abandoned the idea of further devaluation as a means of restoring prices and prosperity. The combined effect of these forces was a fall in the international value of sterling, with a proportionate rise in the sterling price of gold; and the controllers of the Exchange Equalisation Fund, in pursuance of its policy of intervening only to correct temporary oscillations in the exchanges, and otherwise leaving the pound to find its own level, did not attempt to check the movement. Sterling fell sharply in relation to both francs and dollars; and there was widespread talk of a loss of business confidence and of the possibility of a decisive recession in economic activity."

So far we may anticipate the historian of the future; but how much further can we predict his sayings? We can at least go on to guess that he will say next that the policy of letting things alone, which seemed well enough in 1934, began to look a good deal less satisfactory in the early months of 1935. The Government were losing ground in the country at a startling rate, not only to the Labour Party but also to the extreme Right, which looked more and more to Mr. Winston Churchill as its leader. It was becoming plainer every day that, unless there was to be a split in the Conservative Party and at the least a near approach to a Labour majority at the next election, something would have to be done. Even Mr. MacDonald, who was never so much at home as when doing nothing seemed a plausible policy, was beginning to realise that some sort of action was required. But what action? On that point the advisers of the National Government sharply differed. Some wanted a policy of public works and budgetary expansion, designed to stimulate economic activity. Others still wanted to do nothing at all, on the ground that to do anything would only make the position worse. And a clamorous group of Conservative back-benchers trusted to creating a diversion by picking a quarrel with India and getting up a campaign for bigger armaments and a more truculent foreign policy, popularised by the appropriate amount of flag-waving and scare-mongering about German re-armament.

Mr. Lloyd George, a leader without a party but still undeniably a leader with the ear of the public, chose this moment of confusion to re-enter the fray. He said little that was new; but he reiterated with all his force what he had said without effect as leader of the Liberals in 1929. He dwelt on the evident absurdity of accepting with complacency economic conditions which left well over two million workers out of a job; and he demanded, as a disinterested patriot, that the unused credit resources of the country should be mobilised for setting these unfortunates to useful work. The leaders of the Government tried at first to cry him down by saying they had heard all that before, considered it carefully, and decided there was nothing in it. But in face of the growing discontent throughout the country they speedily realised that such an attitude amounted to political suicide. Mr. MacDonald had to write to Mr. Lloyd George, asking him to present detailed plans and promising that they should receive every possible consideration. The less inert members of the Cabinet began to demand a more active policy; and the local authorities, taking courage from the changed temper of public opinion, began to press the Government for a reversal of the "economies" of 1931 and the adoption of the social reforms which were then indefinitely postponed.

In effect, the Government had—and has—only two possible courses. It can do nothing, and hope, rather hopelessly, for the best; or it can do broadly what Mr. Lloyd George wants it to do. For it there is no third course; for the remaining possible policy—that of Socialism—is the very thing it exists to oppose. It can, then, either hope against hope that cheap money in the City will somehow avail to restore business prosperity; or it can give up this hope as vain, and set out to use itself the resources of cheap money which private enterprise lacks the confidence to employ. Public works, or nothing—that is the choice which the National Government has now to face.

If it chooses nothing, it looks like losing the next election. For, with the momentum of the 1934 recovery already exhausted, it has no cry for rallying fresh supporters, and must lose both to the right and to the left. Yet, there are enough "sound" capitalists, individualists of the Runciman-Chamberlain type, in the Cabinet to make it possible that, reinforced by

Mr. MacDonald's temperamental hatred of settling anything, the policy of drift will prevail. If it does not, there can be nothing for it but to take Mr. Lloyd George's advice, and endeavour, by launching out on a big scheme of public employment, to infuse into the business system enough additional purchasing power to give business men the required incentive to higher production and to increased investment of capital.

If thus there is, let us say, an even chance, not that Mr. Lloyd George's schemes will be adopted in full, but that they will be half adopted, what then? We are in no doubt that an active public works policy can and will increase the level of industrial activity. It can, and will, reduce unemployment and, if it is pushed far enough, even induce something of a boom. In the process, it will increase imports, without a corresponding expansion in exports, swell the adverse balance of payments and produce its curative in a further fall in the external value of the pound. But that will not count heavily against it; for in these days currency depreciation has lost its terrors. Most people nowadays are quite uncertain whether to rend their garments or throw up their hats when they hear that the exchanges are going against sterling. They have been told too many contradictory things to have any opinions left. After the *volte face* of 1931, after Roosevelt—after all these confusions and computations of the prophets—who is to know what to think? However sterling may fluctuate, the Government that increases the volume of employment has a far better chance of being popular than the Government that does not.

That is Mr. Lloyd George's strength—the greater strength because his power lies in seeing the immediate, and not the long-run, consequences of a policy. If Mr. Lloyd George had his way, there would be a substantial fall in unemployment and a large advance in the total volume of production. The borrowed money spent on public works would speedily filter through to the consumers. The demand for finished goods would expand; and investment would begin to expand, too, under the influence of the increase in consumer's demand. The banks would be called upon to use their idle resources and, before long, to create new money out of nothing; and, in accordance with regular banking procedure, they would create this money. There would be a boom, if only the policy were persisted in; and what then? And, if it were not persisted in, what would happen when the attempt was made to stop it lest an inflationary boom should ensue?

In either case, we believe the consequence would be a crisis. For the effort to restore prosperity by making more money and at the same time securing by means of public works the actual translation of that money into purchasing power would be bound, we believe, in the end to defeat itself, as long as it was pursued within the limiting conditions of the profit-making system. Capitalism, therefore, appears to have reached such a pass that we have now to choose between two unpalatable alternatives—oscillation between boom and crisis on the one hand and, on the other, permanent depression. "Sound" capitalist methods merely condemn us to the latter of these alternatives, bidding us be grateful for depression in that it is something less disastrous than crisis. Such an attitude is intelligible enough in those whose first postulate is that Capitalism is the only possible alternative to chaos and dissolution; for after all depression is not so very dreadful an experience for the great majority of the comfortable classes, or even for the upper strata of the workers in any save the exceptionally depressed trades. But to choose permanent depression is surely as a gospel too despairing; and as a policy it defeats itself because it drives men from the centre towards both extremes. It makes Fascists and Communists, and saps the foundations of democratic government.

If Socialism is, for the moment, not on the cards, that leaves "unsound" capitalist methods as the only alternative. The patient has to take stimulants, In this uncertain world, better eat, drink and be merry now than subsist on bread and water all the time. So, at all events, are the great majority of people likely to think; and that is why the great majority are likely to be on Mr. Lloyd George's side against Mr. Chamberlain. *Fiat resurrectio; ruat caelum!* For the heavens may fall anyway, and at the least we shall have had our fling.

This may seem a cynical view; but if, as we believe, there is no way, under Capitalism as it is now, of restoring prosperity without provoking a subsequent crisis, and if further Socialism is not for the moment practical politics, what are we to say? We prefer the Welsh wizard to the Birmingham ascetic or the Lossiemouth obscurantist. None of them will save us; but one of them does at least offer us a run for our money.

MAGISTERIAL INQUIRIES

[FROM A LEGAL CORRESPONDENT.]

IF the comments of the more serious journals are any guide, there can be little doubt of the result of the forthcoming inquiry into the inquest system. With remarkable unanimity the doom has been pronounced. The coroner is an anachronism, a nuisance, a scandalous clog on justice, and must go the way of the grand jury. So far, so good. One is encouraged to hope that, once the coroner is out of the way, the Government will deal with an even more objectionable feature of our criminal procedure—the publicity of preliminary proceedings before magistrates. This is an anomaly that has not even antiquity for an apology. It is an impudent *parvenu* whose sudden appearance some seventy years ago is one of the curiosities of legal history.

The necessity for some preliminary investigation of indictable offences has been recognised from the earliest times. Hence the institution of the grand jury, whose duty it was to receive complaints from all and sundry, and sift them out, rejecting the obviously bad and passing on for trial those that appeared to have substance. But equally it was regarded as a principle of natural justice, so elementary that it hardly brooked discussion, that these preliminary proceedings should be secret; for if there turned out to be no *prima facie* case against the defendant, it was improper that the unfounded allegations against him should be published, while in the other event it was no less improper that the petty jury should be in possession of any statements save those given in evidence at the trial. The grand jury was a clumsy machine, but, taken by itself, it was sound enough. Most of the bills it had to consider came in the form of a *mittimus* from a justice of the peace, but the justice was primarily a police official—his function was ministerial rather than judicial. In theory at least the only difference between him and any private person who chose to prefer a bill to the grand jury was that he could commit the defendant to custody or hold him to bail. At the trial it was the practice to call the committing justice as one of the formal witnesses—a clear indication of his ministerial character.

Now the Common Law rule was perfectly plain. All preliminary inquiries—whether conducted by grand jury, coroner or justice—must be private, and any publication of what passed at them was treated as an offence against justice. Thus in R. *v.* Fleet (1818, 1 B. & A. 379) the King's Bench ruled that it was a contempt of court to publish a report of inquest proceedings. "A jury who are afterwards to sit on the trial," said Bayley J., "ought not to have *ex parte* accounts previously laid before them. They ought to decide solely upon the evidence which they hear at the trial. It is therefore highly criminal to publish before such a trial an account of what has passed before the coroner." Abbott J. used similar language. "It is most mischievous to the temperate administration of justice that a person, either during or before a judicial examination, should publish a statement of facts which are to be made the subject of a subsequent trial."

It is tolerably certain, though the point has never been satisfactorily tested in the Courts, that this admirable doctrine is no longer the law. The change may be said to date from the new status accorded to justices by the Indictable Offences Act of 1848. The capricious and often corrupt exercise of the

power of committal had been an open scandal for generations. The justice in *Joseph Andrews* and Mr. Nupkins in *Pickwick* were neither caricatures nor exceptional cases. Hence the statute of 1848, familiarly known as Jervis's Act, which was designed to subject these gentlemen to some measure of regularity and decorum. Its undesigned effect was to invest them with a judicial character that they had never had before. They now developed into a tribunal of preliminary investigation performing a duty that had hitherto belonged exclusively to the grand jury, viz., deciding whether there was a *prima facie* case against the accused. Owing to their more formal and searching procedure they gradually supplanted the grand jury, which after many years of superfluous lagging has finally disappeared. Unfortunately, at a very early date under the new order, justices dropped into the habit of conducting their preliminary inquiries in public. This was an innovation that the Legislature had never intended when it passed Jervis's Act. Sec. 19 of the statute enacts that " the room or building in which such justice or justices shall take such examinations and statements as aforesaid *shall not be deemed an open court for that purpose*." But it goes on to confer an express power on the justices to exclude the public at their discretion, and this has been interpreted by the Courts to mean that preliminary investigations are to be deemed public and therefore reportable in the newspapers unless the magistrates otherwise direct. That at least seems to be the effect of the rather confused and hesitant judicial accents of Lewis *v.* Levy (1858, E.B. & E.), Usill *v.* Hales (1878, 3 C.P.D. 319), and Kimber *v.* the Press Association (1893, 1 Q.B.65).

But, granted that magistrates have a discretion to exclude the public from preliminary inquiries " if it appear that the ends of justice will best be answered by so doing," must not that discretion be exercised judicially? Is it so unfettered as to allow them to ignore the doctrine laid down in R. *v.* Fleet as an elementary principle of natural justice? That question has never been considered, because none of the subsequent cases has raised it. In Lewis *v.* Levy the question was whether the reporting of an abortive criminal charge would be ground for a civil action for libel, while in Usill *v.* Hales and Kimber *v.* the Press Association it was whether the reporting of similar proceedings before magistrates was permissible where a civil action was pending respecting the same matters. In each case the judges contented themselves with deciding the particular point before them and avoided committing themselves on the general question, though they allowed its existence. Thus Lord Campbell, with the proverbial caution of the native of Fife, said in Lewis *v.* Levy that " we are not prepared to lay it down for law that the publication of preliminary inquiries is universally lawful, but neither are we prepared to lay it down for law that it is universally unlawful. . . . We give no opinion in favour of the general legality of publishing reports of preliminary examinations where the party accused has been committed or held to bail." Yet he dropped a hint that there was a good deal to be said for publicity. Lopes J. in Usill *v.* Hales thought there might be a distinction between a matter *finally* disposed of by justices and an inquiry that is merely preliminary, but he was not concerned to draw it.

That in principle the publication of preliminary inquiries before justices constitutes a gross contempt of Court is beyond argument, but it would be a waste of time to ask judges to say so and stultify themselves by condemning a practice that they have countenanced for the best part of a century. Yet so long as the practice continues it cannot be pretended that a person charged with an indictable offence is assured of a fair trial. Every notorious murder trial affords an example. Thanks to the zeal of the popular press in reporting the police-court proceedings, with wealth of headlines and a keen appreciation of the " high spots," the jurors have all been well coached for a conviction long before they are called into the box. No doubt, poor souls, they do their best to be fair, but they would be more than human if they could presume the innocence of the man in the dock. It may be that in murder trials no great harm is done as a rule, for the police have a knack of getting the right man. Even so there are exceptions. The notorious Wallace case was one. Wallace was convicted at the Liverpool Assizes on the strength of local prejudice inflamed by the publication of the *ex parte* proceedings in the police court, although, as the Court of Criminal Appeal afterwards found, the evidence given at the trial could not possibly support a conviction. In cases involving political prejudice the publication of police court proceedings is still more objectionable for reasons that are too obvious to need elaboration.

The abuse could be ended by a general agreement of magistrates to use their statutory power to hold all preliminary inquiries *in camera*. But it is too much to expect that. The only effective remedy lies with Parliament. A very simple amendment of Sec. 19 of the Indictable Offences Act would be enough.

A LONDON DIARY

THE week has been loud with political whisperings. Why did Mr. MacDonald suddenly ask Mr. Lloyd George for his detailed plans only a few days after Mr. Neville Chamberlain's decisive rejection of public works? The obvious answer is that the Government meant to call what it regards as Mr. Lloyd George's bluff. If it has in any case determined not to go in for an expansionist programme, it is good policy to get Mr. Lloyd George to publish his whole scheme and then to explain why they think it not more likely to work than it was in 1924 or 1929. But such tactics might not be altogether easy to bring off. Mr. Chamberlain and the officials can show that public works cost a lot, that even exploited up to their maximum they cannot mean the employment of anything like the number of men that Mr. Lloyd George believes. But to show that does not answer the " Gawd's-sakers "—the people who say " we cannot wait any longer. For Gawd's sake let's do something. Here are jobs of work that need doing: here are people out of work. Let's not worry about the cost: let's get on with it anyway." If this idea of calling Mr. Lloyd George's bluff is the correct one, the Government may, therefore, find that it has done something dangerous in inviting him to submit his plans. For the industrial Conservatives and young Tories from distressed areas have almost reached the end of their patience. They are almost all " Gawd's-sakers "; and they will be impressed when they learn that a pamphlet by Lord Snowdon is shortly to appear supporting the New Deal on financial grounds.

* * *

The second explanation is that the invitation really means a decision to reconstruct the National Government with the possibility of appealing to the country in the autumn. I know that this idea is being canvassed by serious people. But I cannot take it seriously. Mr. Lloyd George will not join a Government which is not really committed to a policy of large public spending. He once asked me, when I discussed with him possible efforts to trick him into joining a Conservative Government, whether I could see any " green in his eye "—and I couldn't. And I cannot see how Mr. Neville Chamberlain is to be got rid of or to be induced to alter his mind. Nor do I think that several of the abler more right wing Labour leaders, for several of whom I know Mr. Lloyd George has a great respect, and who are being talked about as new National material, could be induced to join a reconstructed Government. I do not say that there are no potential rats left in the Labour party, but I do not think any of them are the kind of rats who join a sinking ship.

* * *

My own belief is that the Government decided to ask for Mr. Lloyd George's plans without any clear idea of how things would go. It seemed good tactics anyway. It sounded open-minded and for the time being stopped the attack from within and without. My present impression is that the Government is now simply " exploring every avenue " for

a way out of the morass and that at present it is without a plan. But with Mr. MacDonald as Prime Minister one has to keep a sharp look out. We know now that he was planning a National Government as early as March, 1931. So anything may happen.

* * *

Here is a story of Japanese competition. A pawnbroker in Batavia in the Dutch East Indies accepted a new bicycle as a pledge and then found himself besieged with young men bringing him new bicycles to pawn. Inquiry showed that the price he was giving for bicycles in pawn was 40 per cent. higher than the price charged by the Japanese for selling them new.

* * *

Mr. Justice Holmes, who has just died at the age of ninety-three, was one of the few men about whose greatness one had no doubt the moment one met them. I was lucky enough to spend two long evenings with him in Washington twelve years ago when I had only just ceased to be an undergraduate. I can only explain his indulgence by saying that he liked to talk, as undergraduates do, about the world at large, about God, the American Constitution, art and the future of civilisation. He called it "twisting the universe's tail." He was obviously vain of his magnificent appearance and loved to tell stories of the part he took in the war against Southern States. He took an artist's pride in everything he did; he liked to know that he was indeed, as Morley said, "the greatest judge in the English-speaking world," and he never wrote a legal judgment without at the same time writing a little literary masterpiece. He was conscious that he had a peculiar function as a judge—the function (which he shared with Brandeis) of seeing to it that the American Constitution was not used permanently to prevent all social legislation being introduced into the States. He and Brandeis fought a long battle and won it. He was, I think, the least prejudiced and the most "humane" man I've ever known. It will be difficult to write his life: he was destroying all his letters when I was with him twelve years ago, and he instructed all his friends that he wished them to destroy his letters to them. He was to be known by his public legal works. His private life and friendships were his own. He held with Dean Inge that:

> Lives of great men all remind us
> As we o'er their pages turn,
> That we, too, may leave behind us
> Letters that we ought to burn.

One got some realisation of the stretch of Holmes's memory when he told the story of how he first came to London in 1867 with an introduction from Leslie Stephen to Frederick Pollock, who took him to breakfast with Sir Henry Maine, and afterwards to lunch with John Stuart Mill.

* * *

On Monday, Mr. Doran, the Conservative member for Tottenham, made a surprising speech in the House of Commons. According to the *Times* report, he stated:—

> Ten years ago Mr. Lansbury managed, with the assistance of his son and Mr. Francis Meynell, to smuggle some of the Russian royal jewels over to England in chocolate-boxes. . . . At the end of five months they realised a certain sum of money and the money was got for the *Daily Herald* by the pawning of the Russian jewels, and it was gambled over the tables at Monte Carlo by Francis Meynell and the rest of the ungainly crew belonging to the party opposite.

This suggestion that Mr. Francis Meynell was a thief, who used for gambling money which did not belong to him, seems to me an outrageous abuse of the immunity from the laws of slander which M.P.s enjoy when speaking in the House.

Unless Mr. Doran has the courage to repeat his assertions in a less privileged place, they must be held to be as caddish as they are untrue. There was no illegality whatsoever about bringing the jewels to England—they were not smuggled, for there was no customs duty to evade; and the money received for them was remitted to Russia. But Mr. Meynell did in effect go to Monte Carlo . . . two years later. And I am happy to say that so far from losing £100,000, he won a fiver.

The other day I examined 300 or 400 photographs of Mussolini which are supplied by news agencies for reproduction in books or papers. They threw an interesting and new light upon the Duce. I wanted one of those photographs, common in the early years of Fascism, in which the Duce was a terribly bellicose and heroic figure. I could not find a single one; they have simply died out of the news. According to the photographs the Duce has become the best type of constitutional monarch, i.e., he spends his time opening bazaars, going to weddings, laying foundation stones, and binding up a sheaf of corn at harvest time in the fields. There were literally dozens upon dozens of photographs of him smiling the gentle, benign royal smile at these kinds of function. He looked sternest when riding a horse, an occupation which often has that effect upon unskilful riders. It is true that there was one photograph of him sitting in a cage with a lion, but the Duce's smile was so gentle that it reminded me of the prophecy of the lion lying down with the lamb.

* * *

If the diplomatic game were ever played as it should be played, the next step would be a telegram from Stalin saying, "I am in perfect health." Sir John Simon would then travel to Moscow via Berlin, leaving at the Friedrichstrasse a bunch of flowers, a box of lozenges and a note politely wishing the Führer a speedy recovery.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Miss K. E. Odell.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

I have been waiting for someone to come forward with a crushing argument against low heels. When speaking of the Turks, Lord Palmerston gave forth the celebrated dictum: "What energy can you expect from a people with no heels to their shoes?"—Letter in *Daily Mail*.

What Euclid did for geometry, Peter Beckford did for *Foxhunting*. . . . He died in 1811, and was buried in Steepleton Iwerne Church. That church is in a sad state of disrepair. . . . The rector is anxious that the whole church should be put in order. . . . Subscriptions may be sent to him. . . . For all that is known, this church may have played the decisive part in ordaining that Peter Beckford should be not a Jamaican merchant in the days of slave labour, but the great authority for English Foxhunters.—The *Times*.

The Government move forward slowly, but as quickly as they know how. For them to move forward more rapidly without further knowledge would mean moving back at a faster rate than the rate of going forward—the method of procedure in many other countries. Isidore Ostrer in *Sunday Referee*.

The vogue for catkins in embroidery and decoration may lead to catkin parties.—*Daily Telegraph*.

He (Dean Inge) thought that people to-day prayed with less assertiveness than their grandfathers. Whatever forces were ranged against them God and themselves were in the majority.—*Oxford Mail*.

Captain Cunningham-Reid, M.P., will ask the Home Secretary in the Commons next week if the Commissioner of Police is satisfied that the regulations governing the depositing of packages at railway cloak-rooms are adequate to prevent the growing use of these places for the concealment of dismembered bodies.—*Star*.

"Every time I go to our church," he states, "and look at the new candlesticks we have had installed I see the exact shade of Marina green of the rayons we are selling—and I feel quite happy about it."—West Riding manufacturer reported in *Manchester Guardian*.

The poor have their clinics which are paid for by the middle and upper classes, but this is the only spot in Great Britain where the middle and upper classes can obtain health, understanding and advice during maternity.—From a high-class corset catalogue.

LENT

WHEN I was young I regarded very lightly the sacrifices of those of my fellow-Christians who fasted during Lent. It seemed to me no unendurable hardship to eat fish instead of meat. I could have done this without an effort if I had had the mind. As I grow older, however, I admire more and more almost any form of self-denial. This is because, the older I grow, the more difficult I find it to deny myself anything. Those who have been put on a strict diet by their doctors know how difficult it is to abstain from the things that the doctors forbid. You may be almost indifferent to potatoes, but let a doctor ban them from your diet and you begin to look on the soapiest specimen of a boiled potato with a craving eye. If my hatred of rice-pudding had not become second nature to me early in life, I should scarcely have been able to help falling in love with it many years afterwards when—and because—it had been put on a list of forbidden things by the doctor. It is true that for the first few days after I have seen a doctor and been assured that I am not going to die immediately I positively enjoy obeying his orders. I feel braced as with Brighton air as I deny myself milk in my tea. I feel a better man as I refuse a doughnut. There is something like rapture in my resistance to a savoury. As time goes on, however, I lose the sense of exhilaration in my self-denial. What began almost as a game becomes a bore. The will ceases to take any pleasure in exercising itself, and the Satanic element in my nature whispers, "Disobey. Just this once. It will do you no harm." So I pour a little milk into my tea, and whether it does me any harm or not I never know.

I have certainly never been able to deny myself anything for long. Once for a month I abstained from all liquids during meals, but, though I am an ardent advocate of this form of dieting, I seem no longer to have the will-power to adopt it. It is said by some of the dietitians to be unnatural to drink with one's meals, and we are told that the wild beasts eat all their solid food at one time of the day and drink at another. I wonder, however, whether the wild beasts would have persisted in this custom if they had made the great discovery of the bottle or even of the water-tap. The lion has no fixed table for devouring his prey, with an attendant at his shoulder tempting him with a jug or a decanter. I suspect that it is necessity, rather than his natural instinct, that separates the hour of his meat-eating from that of his visit to the stream. In any case, we human beings were not brought up as lions. In our childhood milk and water were almost forced down our throats as we fed. Like our elders, we learned to eat toast and eggs at breakfast and to wash them down with cupfuls of tea or coffee. This habit of mixing solid and liquid became so ingrained in us that a meal without a drink would have seemed a cruel punishment. So general is the craving for tea or coffee at breakfast, for example, that most of us regard a man who is compelled to do without it as a martyr and a hero. The phrase, "I'm dying for a cup of tea," has often been uttered quite seriously by a tea-addict kept waiting for her drug.

People sometimes speak of abstinence as a negative virtue and deny the heroism of the teetotaller and the non-smoker. I cannot agree that teetotalism and non-smoking are so colourless as that. I should regard them rather as excesses. It needs no small effort of the will to refuse to conform to common custom. When all the world is smoking it is only a brave man, or a man easily sickened, who finds it easy to refrain. Many men and women take to smoking merely from the fear of looking eccentric if they do not. They join in a fashion, and, before they know where they are, they have acquired a craving. It is for a time a very pleasant craving, and, while one is young, each pipe or cigarette is a sensible addition to one's happiness. At that age we enjoy the flavour of tobacco like gourmets. The first smoke after breakfast is a luxurious experience. As we grow older, however, the luxury of the experience diminishes—for most of us, at least. We smoke after breakfast, not in order to relish the flavour of tobacco, but because we should feel unhappy if we were not smoking. Smoking has become a habit like wearing a hat in the street, and the Victorian-born man wears a hat in the street, not because hat-wearing gives him positive pleasure, but because without a hat he would feel uncomfortable. Cut off from our habits, many of us would be like trams that had left the rails. We could not go forward till we had returned to our grooves.

Even in the smallest things we become slaves to habit. I know a man who cannot break himself of the habit of lighting one cigarette from another instead of from a match. He has told me that again and again he has sworn to himself to light every new cigarette from a match, but that he has never been able to keep his vow even for a day. In order to keep his vow, he would have to make a fresh effort of the will every quarter of an hour instead of living at peace according to routine. We all reverence the will, but how most of us hate exercising it! To be perpetually exercising the will is to be continually faced with obstacles which we have to surmount and we have no love for a life of obstacles.

I myself should find it difficult to give up even a good habit. There was a time, for example, when it needed an effort of the will to shave in the morning, but now it would need a greater effort to abstain from shaving. Once, I could go out into the street with a two days' growth of beard and feel perfectly cheerful; it seemed almost more democratic as well as more indolent not to trouble to shave. To-day, however, it would require more courage than I possess to leave the house without shaving. Even if I were spending the day in the house I should feel hampered and unhappy if I remained unshaven. Shaving, if it does not cause delight, at least liberates us from the miseries of unshavenness every morning. It renovates, not only the face, but the spirits for the duties of the day. I am sure that beards make for melancholy simply because the bearded man has not this daily sense of renovation. Be that as it may, I cannot give up the habit of the razor.

An eminent philosopher once told us that to live without habits was to succeed in life. For my part, I cannot see how we could get through life at all if we did not become virtually the slaves of habit. Even as regards dress, we find that it saves a great deal of time to wear more or less the same kind of clothes every day. The man without habits would wear a collar one day and no collar the next. He would think nothing of turning up at the office wearing evening-dress trousers and a Norfolk jacket. He would go out in the morning wearing a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other. In restaurants he would vary the order of the dishes, eating the dinner backwards one day and choosing the order at random the next. He would go to work at a different hour every day, and, when on holiday, would occasionally insist on playing golf the wrong way round the course. In the end, his excess of nonconformity would certainly lose him his job and possibly land him in a lunatic asylum. The moral seems to be: "Whatever you give up, do not give up your habits. They are what makes you tolerable to your fellow-men."

There is no danger of our ceasing to be slaves of habit, however. The most that we can achieve is to change our habits. The teetotaller becomes the slave of habit no less than the beer-drinker, the non-smoker no less than the smoker. It is this change which I think is particularly to be desired. If the non-smoker changed over to the habit of cigar-smoking for a month every year, with what a sense of refreshment he would return to his non-smoking! How excellent a thing it would be for the spendthrift to cultivate thrift for four weeks annually, and for the thrifty man to indulge in a regular month's extravagance! If the football-spectator took to philosophy for a season, and the philosopher became a football-spectator during the same period, both of them, I am sure, would benefit.

Alas, I seem to be unable to change my habits even temporarily. I go on living month after month in the same old way, breakfasting in bed, reading newspapers, smoking, eating the same

kind of food, watching games that I could never play, riding in taxis, meeting the same people, listening in to Stuttgart after midnight, and abstaining from nothing that takes my fancy and that at the same time I can afford or get on credit. To exchange the habit of self-indulgence for the habit of self-denial—that has always been my dream. For many people during the next few weeks this dream will become—at least, in some degree—a reality. But I, I fear, am doomed to go on eating and drinking as before—an idealist who longs to give things up but has never discovered how.

Y. Y.

MILK

ON the morning of September 18th, 1933, a man walked into three empty rooms at Thames House, Millbank. The man was Mr. Sidney Foster, the newly appointed manager of an abstract body called "the Milk Board," representing 140,000 farmers scattered throughout some of the wildest parts of England and Wales. He was there because the industry was threatened with collapse and sixpence-a-gallon milk was staring thousands of dairy farmers in the face. With the assistance of the Marketing Acts and Sir Basil Mayhew, the well-known chartered accountant, he had come to face the colossal task of bringing order into one of the most anarchic and individualised industries in the country. The farmers' most skilled negotiators had failed to prevent the terms of the milk contracts becoming worse for the producers every year, and such chaos reigned that both producers and distributors took the signing of the annual contracts as the signal to begin under-cutting them, before the ink on the agreements was dry. Neither producers nor consumers were benefiting in the least from this price-cutting war.

After twelve months, the three empty rooms had increased to the whole of the third floor of Thames House and part of the next, to house a staff of nearly a thousand.

A hundred thousand letters are handled, on an average, every week and the Board has an annual turnover of £60,000,000. That indicates the size of the achievement. More important, from the producer's point of view, is the practical result. The Milk Board stopped the rot and the index figure of the price to the farmer has risen steadily until now it is 71 per cent. above the pre-war price. Better still, every gallon of milk produced has found a purchaser. What this means can only be fully realised by one who, in the old days, has walked the streets of London trying in vain to sell milk to one firm after another. Or by a small West Country producer who would be laughed at if he asked for the contract price and offered 50 per cent. below it as a special favour.

The Milk Board, through the Marketing Acts, has been able to see that the terms of contracts that are signed are carried out. The men we hear so much about when they are fined by the Board (and some producers have even been imbecile enough to raise money to pay their fines for them) are merely blacklegs who cheat their fellow farmers. The scheme also has necessitated the publication of the quantities of milk diverted into the various channels (e.g., the liquid market, butter, cheese, cream, etc.). Formerly, when these figures were kept secret, the supposed huge quantities of milk that were surplus and had to be manufactured at a lower value were always used as a bogy to frighten the producers at the annual dog-fight to fix milk prices. So far, at any rate, they have been less than was supposed and last year, although output increased, amounted to about 27 per cent. of the total supplies.

The milk scheme divides England and Wales into eleven regions. Each region has a "pool" price and the regions that sell a large proportion of their milk at the higher fresh milk price subsidise the other regions where more of the milk goes to manufacture at a lower price. The subsidisation of the regions is effected by an inter-regional levy, and roughly six regions carry part of the surplus milk in the other five. All producers benefit in the end by this because, with modern transport methods, it is not good that large quantities of surplus milk in certain areas should be looking for a home at any price. But the whole industry benefits directly because of the control and organisation of the nation's milk supplies under the finger of the Board. Manufacturing milk need no longer be railed from London to Dorset while Dorset fresh milk is railed back to London again; the cheese, butter, cream, condensed milk, milk powder and chocolate factories can contract for definite supplies at a definite price for a year ahead. These are stable conditions for manufacturing that exist in no other country in the world, and (for what it is worth) have induced many foreign firms to come to England to set up factories. The whole situation has been changed from the producer's point of view. Instead of begging people to buy his milk, the buyers now come to his Board and ask for it, even offering to pay railway freight, in some instances, in order to get it.

Not all producers, however, have benefited. Those placed in a specially favoured position for selling their whole dairies at the "liquid" price are losers by having to bear their share of the manufacturing milk. These represent 20 per cent., perhaps, of the total. Most of them know, in their hearts, that they would never have kept their special position in view of the ease with which milk can now be diverted by road transport wherever it is required. But there is a larger change taking place, one which, I believe, will be a far sterner challenge to the Board's resourcefulness than any of the little teething troubles experienced hitherto. In the West, where milk is produced more cheaply at some seasons of the year, prices have been good, helped by the inter-regional levy. Milk production in the West is therefore increasing, and the tendency will be for milk production to move westwards. If little discrimination in price is to be made against the western producer, milk production will increase still more, prices will fall, producers in other less favoured areas will be pushed out of business. If there is much discrimination, the western producers will be up in arms, as they were at the N.F.U. meeting held in January. What is the Board's policy to be? Milk where it is cheapest to produce milk, or artificially regulated conditions—perhaps producers' quotas—to keep the producers in the less suitable areas in dairy farming? Limitation of production seems rather absurd when it is remembered that we import the equivalent of 2,185 million gallons of whole milk, nearly one-and-a-half times our total home production, and when fresh milk consumption is so low.

The other great fight that awaits the Board is that of the cost of milk to the consumer. Primarily the Board's job is to sell the farmers' milk to the distributors. Ultimately it can hardly avoid taking a hand in the retail cost, for the greatest hope of the dairying industry is an increase in liquid consumption—now averaging the absurdly low figure of about one-third of a pint per head per day. When the cost of milk to the public in this country is nearly double the cost in Sweden, there is obviously great room for improvement and every important enquiry into the industry has reported that the distributive margin is too high. In London it is a shilling a gallon. An expert authority with many years experience of milk distribution (I may not give his name) assures me that the very finest milk service in the world could be provided for 9d. per gallon in London and less in the provinces and leave a good margin of profit. It will never do for the Milk Board to be used by the distributors to consolidate themselves in a too comfortable position, yet it is true that, while the Board has made the distributor's job easier, retail milk is generally dearer than before the Board came into existence. It is absurd, too, that the village blacksmith who keeps a few cows and runs a small milk round should have his milk assessed at the same value to the public as the high class firm that gives infinitely better service. The present contract, however, allows a majority of distributors in a specified area to retail milk at less than the minima agreed by the Board and the distributors.

Some hundreds of areas have already availed themselves of this, and if the movement grows it must almost certainly force the issue of cheaper retail milk, with the reduction not at the producer's expense, in the near future. It may even become advisable for the Board to open depots of its own for selling cheap milk to the poorer members of the community. It may, of course, be reasonably argued that the Board has been wise to regard discretion as the better part of valour in regard to ignoring what the consumer pays, but they have done so at the expense of being widely blamed for the high cost of milk.

The Board is taking steps at last to improve the standard of the article they sell. After a rather tactless beginning, the negotiations for the supply of "accredited" milk are now proceeding more smoothly with the local authorities. It has wisely refused to be stampeded into compulsory pasteurisation, which certainly does not improve the taste of milk and on the benefits of which the medical profession is divided, but it is indefensible if the Board acquiesces in the amount of impure milk that is now marketed when perfectly good milk could be provided by the observance of four rules so simple that a cowman too ignorant to read could understand them and carry them out.

One would like to see the Board pursuing a very much more active policy with regard to manufactured milk. Why is there virtually no such thing as English butter on a commercial scale? Only a large-scale organisation could undertake it, for a milk powder factory is an indispensable adjunct to a butter factory in order to utilise the by-product and thereby cheapen butter production. We want good supplies of English butter at a reasonable price. The Board's job is to sell milk in all its forms as profitably as possible. We have yet to hear of anything being done by them to set standards for milk products and organise their grading, and there appears to be a morbid hankering to interfere with the cheap cheese sent to us from the Dominions instead of developing the production and demand for those cheeses of character that we can produce better than anyone else. Leicester, Derby, Gloucester, Stilton and Wensleydale should be household names for cheese in this country, but, instead, they are dying out and cheese is disappearing from the diet of the more well-to-do who should be eating this better class cheese.

Lastly, the Milk Board has made possible two very interesting experiments—milk for schoolchildren and subsidised butter. The cheap milk for schoolchildren could not have been organised on a national scale without the existence of the Board as a medium to arrange supplies and distribute fairly the Government grant. (Incidentally, the children would not now be having their cheap milk it it were not for the co-operative movement). It is leading to an increase in milk consumption not only on account of that drunk by the children, but because milk of a certain standard is now being brought into districts that never had it before and because those who bring the milk out to the village schools are anxious to find other customers there also. The subsidised butter is interesting because it is an experiment in an alternative method of helping the producer in this country without penalising the poorer class of consumer by interfering with the abundance of cheap supplies from abroad.

We accept unlimited quantities of cheap butter from abroad and the Government, through the Milk Board, guarantees a minimum price for English milk used for butter-making. Instead of saying "we will tax or restrict supplies to an extent which we hope will force up the consumer's price sufficiently to attract the home producer" we say "we will let the consumer have the advantage of this absurdly cheap butter and give the organised producers a direct subsidy in the form of a definite price which we think is sufficient for them." The experiment may have far-reaching results, but no one as yet has taken much notice of it. It would be interesting to have the views of the experts on (i) the principle involved, (ii) its desirability, and the scope for applying it to other commodities.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

Correspondence

THE TRAFFIC IN ARMS

SIR,—At the Geneva Committee on the Traffic in Arms Lord Stanhope has rejected on behalf of Great Britain all proposals for investigating, by inspection on the spot, the accuracy of the reports sent in by Governments. Of course, his motives are patriotic. He believes that this country would, on the balance, lose rather than gain by a general inquiry into the truth of the various governmental reports about their respective armaments, or, in other words, he thinks that the reports of our own War Office would be more skilfully misleading than those of other War Offices.

I cannot help thinking that he has been misled by the great success of the War Office in one particular international competition. An unofficial group at Geneva, as is well known, holds a competition between Governments for the biggest lie of the year; and, in spite of keen competition, the prize for 1934 was gained by our own War Office for their admirable answer to the Disarmament Commission: "There are NO firms in this country concerned mainly or largely in the manufacture of implements of war."

While joining in the general congratulations offered to our War Office on their well-deserved success, I would point out that the prize was given only for the "biggest" lie, not for the most skilful or plausible. It was, in fact, the old bulldog courage that won the day. Had it been a contest of skill, I fear, with all respect to the War Office, that there are several Members of the League whose ingenuity would have surpassed it. It has all the goodwill in the world, and would, no doubt, send in admirably misleading reports; but I fear it would be found out.

In these circumstances it would surely be wiser for Lord Stanhope to agree to have all-round inspection and investigation.

GILBERT MURRAY

CAPITALISM AND WAR

SIR,—Although a regular subscriber to, and reader of, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, I am not, I fear, a true 100 per cent. highbrow, as I sometimes long for a final statement of the truth with a capital T. A controversy such as that on Capitalism and War is an exasperatingly painful experience for one so naive as I, who think that something practical, something that can be acted upon, must emerge as a result of a battle among the giants. My difficulty is that I am filled with admiration for each protagonist, as I read him with infinite care, and feel he is entirely right. When the second round ensues I have an unhappy, uneasy feeling that the great ones have become slightly touchy and are misunderstanding each other and wait for letters from other readers.

Professor Laski has, however, clarified the practical issue of this discussion for me. He says, in effect, that Sir Norman Angell is a philosopher and that capitalists are not; that philosophers know that in the long run war does not pay; but that capitalists (like sailors) don't care about the long view if some of them can, by war, gain an immediate advantage.

My point is that philosophers and capitalists are not the only people who count; there are millions of others who do not want another war, who do not think it wise to wait until world Socialism arrives and wipes out the danger, but who want to do something now to make it less likely in their own lifetime. When public opinion is aroused, as it is on this issue to-day, and is not allowed to crystallise in some objective practical form, it goes bad and reactionary. As Mr. Postgate says in his last book, after another war Socialism will be more remote than ever, therefore we must do something:

(1) To keep war at bay as long as possible for our own purposes as Socialists who hope to achieve a measure of Socialism in England in our lifetime.

(2) To make use of the great wave of public opinion that is anti-war.

For this two-fold purpose is there a better plan than Sir Norman Angell's "Collective Security"?

MAY MUNRO

35 Grosvenor Road, Birkenhead.

SIR,—Sir Norman Angell seems to be in the same position as the pacifists against whom he argues so effectively. He tells them that they have an excellent logical case for pleading unilateral disarmament and non-resistance, but that no one will listen to them, because everyone puts national defence before peace.

But the excellent logic of his argument that capitalists, if they knew what was good for them, would support the collective peace system, overlooks the brutal fact that capitalists instead support Hitler, Mussolini, the Japanese militarists, and the other Nationalist dictatorships that have erected the cult of war into a State religion and war-preparation into the backbone of economic recovery. In this country the capitalist parties have created the "National" Government, which in three and a half years has sabotaged the League half to death, launched this country into a new arms race, and brought us within sight of a world war. The basic motive has everywhere been that capitalists put defence of the existing social order before peace, and prefer the risks of Fascism and war to the prospect of peace through socialism.

For the Socialist parties are everywhere those which stand for world union, and most of them—including the Russian Communists and the Labour Party—wish to use the League as an instrument for approaching this goal by building up a strong collective system both for guaranteeing peace and for economic co-operation.

"Nationalism, not internationalism, is the soul of Conservatism," said the *Morning Post* recently. "Our international faith is the soul of our Socialism," said Mr. Henderson at Southport.

That is why I do not believe it is possible to separate the establishment of Socialism from the organisation of peace. If capitalists took broad views and long views and put the general interest before their own immediate selfish interests they would, no doubt, listen to Sir Norman. But then they would soon cease to be capitalists, for after all, the existing social order is built on fatalism about both want and war, on the belief that society is a chaos, where it is every man's right—nay his duty—to look after himself alone in a free-for-all scramble where the devil takes the hindmost.

And so the sweet reasonableness of Sir Norman's argument as to what capitalists ought to do is met by the brutal reality of what they are in point of fact doing! A SOCIALIST

THE INDIAN PRINCES

SIR,—Miss Eleanor Rathbone's article in last week's paper raises very important points. The Indian princes obviously never have been and never must be left in unfettered sovereignty. To state that we cannot now lay down conditions to protect their subjects is absurd. We are continually interfering with them and have been ever since we established our power in India. In 1927 I had the good fortune to be the guest for a few days of His Highness the late Jam Sahib (Ranjit-Singhi) at Jamnagar, the capital of his state. He was continually complaining to me of interferences by the British Government, especially over his seaport. The thing, however, which really rankled with him at that time was that our Resident had prevented him from having a telephone to the house of his Prime Minister. The only telephones he was allowed were private ones between his three palaces. Such is sovereignty in India when we wish so to interpret it. It only becomes a sublime and absolute thing based on inviolable treaties when for the time being that, too, suits our book.

The Athenæum, S.W.1. C. H. REILLY

POLICE ACTIVITIES

SIR,—I see that the police estimates are increased by over £500,000. Perhaps because of my Gladstonian ancestry, perhaps because of a feeling that the time of good men should not be wasted, I feel compelled to make suggestions that might save some of this money.

My letters, like those of thousands of others, appear to be opened regularly. A gentleman is employed, at the local post office, to receive them from the sorter; he gives them to a messenger; the messenger takes them to the G.P.O. for examination, and brings them back. Could we not "rationalise" this process a little?

Perhaps it would be cheaper—it would save delays in my post—if I asked those writing to me to address their letters to the Graham Department, G.P.O. (the name derives, I believe, from the Minister first responsible for these practices). Or could not the rather foolish pretence that letters are not opened, the careful remaking of envelopes, be dropped? Then the local "split" could look through my post, put all the innocuous matter in an envelope for me, and only hold up the rare letter that can have a political significance.

It seems absurd, for instance, that the catalogues of Messrs. Waring and Gillow, sent in an envelope bearing their name, should have to go through this expensive scrutiny. Yet some years ago, in such an envelope addressed to some one staying with us, we found a buff official slip: "These have been examined and may be delivered." Could not Waring and Gillow be asked to include no sedition in their catalogues?

And when it is necessary for offices where Communists work to be watched, need there be four large men on the job at the same time? Similarly, when a girl typist employed by a Communist newspaper changes her address, and is inconsiderate enough not to inform Scotland Yard of her new home, is it essential that four men with a powerful car should carry out the inquiries?

It may be good to say to the local postman—this happened last week—"we believe she has married an ex-convict" (meaning a Communist who has been imprisoned for his opinions). But is it necessary to spend so much money on gathering or spreading this information? Economy, Sir, is the concern of all of us; this is my contribution. T. H. WINTRINGHAM

20 Warren Avenue,
Richmond, Surrey.

A THREAT TO LAKELAND

SIR,—It will be interesting to see whether the Forestry Commissioners take the trouble to reply to Mr. Costin's admirable letter in your last issue on the proposed afforestation of the Upper Eskdale. Their attitude hitherto seems to have been that they have made up their minds and there's an end of it. The only reasoned defence of their decision in reply to letters of protest in the *Times* was from the pen of a Mr. Wedderburn, who admitted that he had never visited the valley, but who argued that employment would be given by the planting of the trees. As an equal amount of employment might be given elsewhere, the question really turns, or ought to turn, on the beauty of Eskdale itself. Now, anyone who has been fortunate enough to walk over Wrynose and Hardknott, must have been struck at the end of his journey by the comparative absence of conifers in Upper Eskdale, which is characteristic of the particular beauty of the valley. It is, I suppose, too much to hope that the thousands of people who love Eskdale should be able to make their resentment felt against such a pernicious expenditure of public money. Yet, though the planting of the trees somewhere may be desirable for many reasons, they should no more be put in Eskdale than in Hyde Park.

12, Rue de Poitiers, Paris, VII. BRYAN GUINNESS

A NEW CLINIC

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to know that a birth control clinic is to be opened in Islington next week. None of the clinics and welfare centres under the control of the Ministry of Health are allowed to give help in this matter, except to women whose health would be endangered by pregnancy. So it is only in voluntary clinics that people who cannot afford private doctors can obtain medical advice on contraceptives for economic and personal reasons; and, in spite of the great and growing need for this service, there are only five such clinics in the London area.

All who are interested in this work are invited to the inaugural meeting at the Finsbury Town Hall on March 12th at 8 p.m., at which Rebecca West, among others, will speak.

VERA MEYNELL

The Goswell Women's Welfare Centre,
39, Spencer Street, Goswell Road, E.C.1.

Miscellany

A SPRING MORNING

AFTER many days of rain came a cleansed and miraculous morning when the larks went up straight from the dykes, lifting the sky higher with every leap. They stayed there singing; while above them the planes of the aviators droned like metallic bees and the air thrilled in a fine breeze from the sea. People walking in the village dipped their bodies in the sunlight and raised their faces to the perfectly blue sky with pleasure for the first spring sun was shining.

A girl was whistling loudly at the door of a shop. She whistled through a gap between two prominent front teeth. She was a thin girl, ill-nourished, with blue eyes too close together and fair hair chopped short and brushed off her bony

face. Over her body was a long pink evening dress and on her feet was a frayed pair of evening shoes which slopped about as she pretended to waltz to her whistles.

One side of the village street was in the sun and the other in shadow. It was a quiet place, yet sounds came from it, sounds by which were measured its great quietness. Here a window squealed open, here a carpet was beaten, here the double tap of boatman's hammer, the step of a man in the street, the sudden rattle of a car, the throb of the hourly bus, or even the sound of the girl whistling—all these sounds came singly, exceptionally, measuring off the silence of the village and the people possessed by the first sun of the year.

Soon a youth wearing a dirty pair of canvas shoes came shuffling up the street with a puppy tearing at his shoe laces. The girl, who was alone in the shop, stopped whistling when she saw this fat, pale youth with his thick unbrushed hair and his pimpled complexion. He was wearing oil-stained trousers and jersey and he slouched along with his hands in his pockets. His eyes were so pale that they scarcely showed in his freckled unshaven face.

" Minding the shop ? " he called.

He grinned as he nodded to the door, showing his very yellow teeth.

" Take care that don't run away," he said. He gave her a look up and down from the points of her half-formed breasts to her feet, and then with a spit, moved on ignoring her ; but when he had got ten yards away he stopped dead to stare at an aeroplane in the sky.

The girl recovered and stiffened.

" Eh ! " she screeched. " *You* take care or you might get a job of work."

" Nothing doing," he said, speaking up at the aeroplane. When he turned he caught the scornfulness in her look and slowly, smiling, threatening, he came back towards her. He came nearer and nearer and when he was so close that she could smell the breakfast tea in his warm breath on her cheeks, he took one hot fat freckled hand out of his pocket, and leaned it on the door post above her head. Then he looked over her shoulder impertinently into the shop. She was alarmed because he was nearly touching her.

" You can't come in," she said.

" Who said so ? "

" You can't come in."

She barred the way but he was smiling and not even looking at her.

" How much is that bit of firewood ? " he asked pointing to a chair in the shop.

" I shan't tell you."

He took no notice, with his shadow on her, staring over her shoulder into the shop and giving a nod to each thing there, the china, the glass, the mirrors, the desks, mockingly.

" Don't want nothing," he said at last.

His face was nearly touching hers ; slowly he took down his arm from the doorpost and, for a moment, his hand hovered as if to touch her. Then it dropped and he whistled up his dog, and without moving a step away from the girl, he bent down with his back to her. The dog was a small black and grey spaniel and he rolled the creature over and over, tickling its mottled belly, running his fingers into its mouth and making it snap and slobber and bark.

" Here," she said. " Get out of the light."

He went on rolling the puppy over and over and took no notice of her. At last he yawned and got up, still with his back to her.

" Coming out ? " he said without interest.

" No," she said at once with satisfaction.

It was a slow morning, slow the sun, slow the tide opening its fan of water in the creek, slow the hours and slow the breeze. When the church clock struck, the green bus came down and was backed round at the bottom of the road by the sea. The driver got off and walked round to the sunny side of the bus in pursuit of the conductor. They followed each other round like two dogs.

The girl gazed at them. They were men in uniform, working to time. The driver, who was always looking at his watch, said the word and the conductor gave the engine a turn, the bell struck and off they went, sticking up their thumbs as they passed their friends. " Thumbs up," they called to the postman, the policeman, the passing bus drivers on their route, and the sunlight sizzled on the radiator caps. " Thumbs up " they repeated.

The girl gazed where the men had been and where they had been the youth was standing. His dusty shoulders were in a lump and, although she tried, she could not stop looking at him. She looked at the way he planted his legs, at the set of his buttocks, at his neck, the bow of his calves, at the back, broad, dusty, indolent and the hang of his heavy arms.

" Afraid to come in ? " she taunted.

He looked round at once but she was not there because she dodged back quietly to hide in the shop. He kicked the dog away from him and went to the door.

" Gerout ! " he said to the dog.

The moment he went in he hesitated because he was awed by the valuable things in the shop and because he did not know who might come out of the inner door, but in the half darkness her pink dress was brilliant and he could not resist her stiff, glittering cunning. All he could do was to laugh and take her wrist. She tried to pull herself away.

" Leave me be."

" Leave you be ! "

" There's someone coming."

" No there aint."

" You're not to. I shall call out . . ."

Now he got hold of both wrists. His mouth was open. She was angry and helpless, her fingers crooked, trying to scratch at his face. He laughed at her with what breath he had.

" Huh ! Huh ! Skinny," he laughed.

He did not know what he wanted to do and she did not know what she did not want him to do. They just stood fighting.

At last, with a push, he sat her into a chair and dropped her wrists. The moment he did so she flew at him like a cat and smacked him on the face.

" Here, hold on ! " he said. And after a pause : " What's the big idea ? "

" You dirty beast," she said.

" I never touched you," he said.

" Chance is a fine thing, isn't it ? " she taunted.

Her lips quivered until she grinned as he stared back at her staring, narrow, combative, hungry face. Then he made a leap at her. He had his arm round her waist and his fingers on the hollow of her spine at once. She was dragged and rubbed in confusion against him. He kissed her roughly on the lips and would not release her, though she pushed with her knees and her hands against him. There was the smell of tobacco from his mouth and the smell of oil on his clothes. Then suddenly he released her and stood without anything to say. He laughed. His eyes were sparkling. Her lips were wet ; her face was marked red and startled ; and her child's eyes, which had the cunning-old-woman-look of a child, were now the melting blue, hazy eyes of a young woman. She propped her heels on the step and made herself tall so that she could look at him proudly. But her heart was striking against her chest, and her aching lips were bruised with kissing.

When he had gone away up the street to sit on the kerb with his puppy once more, she could still feel the fading mark of his lips. She crinkled her eyes in the sunlight, swaying and dipping her arms in the white warmth. In the sky droned the men from the aerodrome. Their planes slid down the face of the sky making scars of pale exhaust. They roared up again, twirled slowly over and whined down in long dives which scribbled their flight all over the sky, until they set off once more in their formations and their roar rained down upon other country.

She was driven straight out of the shop towards him and he stood up waiting for her to come and be near to him. But a gate clicked and another girl, a dark and placid one, came out

of a garden, and the two girls ran to each other with shouts. They put their hands on each other's shoulders and whispered, bending together and laughing over their shoulders at him. He stepped across to them. They gave screams and ran for the shop. There in the doorway they laughed and then disappeared laughing into the shop, laughing and laughing. Twice they came to the door and laughed and then screaming ran to laugh inside. She stood and laughed in the face of the dark girl and the dark girl laughed in her face too.

"Whoop" shrieked the girl, driving the dark one before her and bringing a pail of water out of the shop. A chair was brought out too and she climbed on to it to clean the window, watching her reflection dance from one small pane to the next as she worked. When she reached for the higher panes she hoped her dress was not caught up because she could see him in the glass still lounging there.

"You do hang around," she bawled at his reflection. He let all that die away.

"Why don't you go for a soldier!" she yelled. Dragging his feet he came slouching across to her, grinning, kicking the puppy, spitting.

"Eh?" she screamed. She picked up the pail and lugged it to the gutter. Then she lifted it. "Wake up," she cried, suddenly and emptied the whole pailful over him.

A white flash of water, a shout, a flop as the water fell, the roar from him and the yelp of the puppy scampering out of the mess. She stared. She dropped the pail. She went white. She gave a choking laugh and then she bolted. Into the shop she rushed, slamming and locking the door. The soaked youth, rushed after her, but she was safe, white, startled, putting her tongue out at him. He flew at the door and rattled its handle. Water was running off his face, dripping from his nose.

"You wait," he shouted. "You wait."

Then the green bus came down and the twelve o'clock whistle blew. She saw him go off. Very hot, her heart beating loudly, she waltzed in the room with stupefied gaiety and whistled through her big teeth.

V. S. PRITCHETT

FISCAL MATTERS

THE West End theatre is suffering from the fact that there is no longer a West End. The Fifty-Shilling Tailor, who has set up with such defiant relish at the bottom of Sackville Street, symbolises the new spirit. So does the Fun Fair at the top of the Haymarket, introducing the scream of Blackpool's Southern Shore to the once seigneurial corner of London's pleasure-world. Typical, too, are the "continuous" revues hard by with their offer of "Parisian" gaieties for English proletarians from almost morn to midnight. And further along, at a house once most elegant, the home of beauty and resort of blood, there is melodrama supported by the mocking-birds. When theatrical finance comes into the law-courts, the emerging facts scarcely add to West End dignity. The Socialites—I see the American term has now become Fleet Street usage—are picture-fans. A new film draws a smarter first-night (by gossip-writers' computation) than does a new play of equal standard. The glory has departed.

At the same time the West End theatre is endeavouring to maintain the high costliness which was once the companion of high status. It is astonishing to reflect that the Bancrofts, who rescued the London theatre from considerable disrepute, successfully instituted the half-guinea stall in the eighteen-sixties, when ten shillings bought far more than it does now and all costs were far lower. One result was Bancroft's retirement with a fortune at an age when the actors of to-day still regard themselves as juvenile leads. The half-guinea stall, plus tax, has survived and far more than ten and sixpence can be charged in a few cases, that is to say for a "talked about" musical show. But such shows are very few and the old West End prices are beginning to look like a vain survival, surrounded as they are by Fun Fairs and Fifty-Shilling Tailors. Equalitarian commerce will no longer take a slum site. The most expensive and illustrious corner will sell you a threepenny cup of tea in abundant marble or furnish your house for a string of sixpences.

The cutting of theatre-prices is going forward in a clandestine way. There is no shouting about "reduced rates," because, in the past, that did not pay. The public believed that there must be a serious decline from West End standards where there was a serious decline from West End prices. The thing is done more judiciously. If a show is not going well, "back-stalls," which may be not far back, are retailed at a good deal less than ten and sixpence. Such elasticity is entirely sensible; the vendor must meet his market. But it is, I think, a deterrent to play-going that there should be this uncertainty as to what you will get for your money. Meanwhile the "privileged price" system is certainly flourishing.

The phrase "privileged price" appeals to snobbery. The people who are sent the widely-distributed vouchers or are members of a specialised club entitling them to two seats for the price of one are made to feel themselves recipients of a compliment. They realise also that they are the recipients of a bargain. When a play is transferred to the "privileged price" zone, the higher salaries are usually cut and one or two of the higher-paid players may resign in consequence, if they are confident of getting their usual salary elsewhere. But the standard of performance is not so far lowered as to deter playgoers. It is good enough. And a large number of playgoers have now been created who will not go to West End theatres on the old terms. I am continually meeting them. They say that they will go to such and such a piece when it has moved to a "privileged price" house or gone out to Streatham or Golders Green. Or they will catch a new piece at the Embassy (Swiss Cottage) or a suburban house before it has gone to the West End. These people do not want to be bothered with evening dress and they will not pay the old rates. They have been taught by the cinema to take their entertainment without formality. They don't care about West End atmosphere, unless it be some particular occasion when they have to entertain and waste a bit of money to impress or to oblige.

To the show that is really "a hit" this does not matter. People will go there on any terms. But as a rule there are not more than half a dozen shows out of thirty in the West End enjoying this good fortune; sometimes there are not as many. The defenders of the "privileged price" system maintain that they are bringing in a new type of playgoer who had never gone to the West End because it was too expensive; that they are fighting the cinema in the only sensible way; that the marketing of theatre seats was done on a take-it-or-leave-it manner without regard to the pressure of modern salesmanship in all other forms of commerce; that box-offices were chilly, inconvenient, unobliging places; that they are "selling theatre" and ought to be generally thanked for it. This is partly true. But it is also true that they are creating a general revolt against West End prices and building up a public who will not go to a play except on the half-price basis.

The consumer will naturally say "And a good job too. The cost of taking people to the play in the West End was out of all proportion to my way of life. It was a once-a-year, Mother's-birthday business. I cannot be a regular playgoer on those terms." But what of the vendor, what of the manager, actor, author? Theatre rents, they may say, are lower, but they are not small. The salaries of the actors, at least of the actors whom we really want, remain high. Advertising and other over-heads are inelastic. The cut-price houses take over from us; it is we who produce and pioneer. What is happening is the destruction of our public. That is a genuine grievance, but genuine grievances are not necessarily met because they are genuine. The expensive West End theatre begins to look more and more like a survival in a world that is passing it by. The discrepancy between West End and suburban prices is enormous, with the added nuisance that the more you pay for a seat the more you pay in tax. Should there be another financial crisis, with a slackening of national trade and a general

feeling of insecurity, the revolt against the old rates, which the "privileged price" movement has already stimulated widely in the suburbs, may become general. The result in that case will have to be a general lowering of costs. The leading actors will have to reduce their standard altogether; they cannot expect to be great ladies and gentlemen for ever when their neighbours are Fun Fairs and Fifty-Shilling Tailors and threepenny cups of tea. They may not like it and they may bolt to the film studio, leaving their star dressing-room to the little known. The artistic result might be quite good, but this cannot be discussed now; I am concerned with fiscal matters only. The fact seems fairly plain that there cannot be a West End theatre without a West End. And the West End as a social institution is crumbling all the time. It is being replaced by suburbia's "Up West" and that means fish and chips amid the marble, followed by the two seats for the price of one. Excellent things, but likely to embarrass before long those who are trying to maintain the older standards of the capital's pleasure ground.

IVOR BROWN

AMBERLEY WILD BROOKS

THE storm soughs over Chanctonbury Ring;
Gulls huddle the turf, while one scared plover
Topples in air and screams, turns on a wing
And scatters with last year's leaves for quiet cover.
The weeping beeches lean the downland over
Bowing to winter with their backs to spring.
Below, the wild brooks parcel the fields; rooks hover
Above the urgent land; and first larks sing.

The seasons tread eternal pilgrimage
Across the patient earth. In many a field
The spring enshrines her immortality.
My quicker loam is furrowed, but with age;
It is no more the promise of the yield,
No more the spring, but Death that urges me.

GRAHAM HUTTON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Henry IV," Part I at His Majesty's

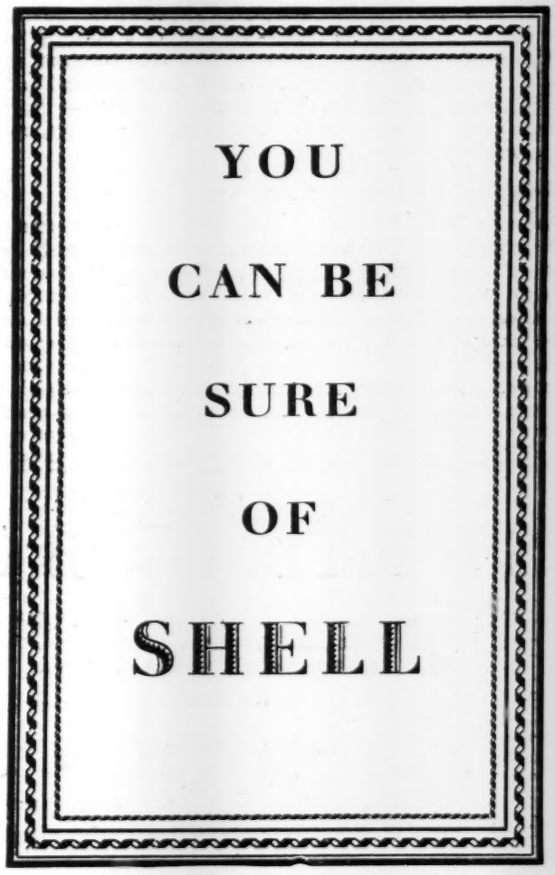
The evening was divided between Mr. Drinkwater's clear but rather lugubrious enunciation as the King and the spectacle of Mr. George Robey fidgeting, forgetting his part, getting laughs in the wrong place and, apparently, mesmerising the critics into saying what an excellent performance it was. Most of the audience had gone to see Mr. Robey; and there he was, a rather lost and diminutive figure, at the foot of incredibly tall curtains. Not a mountain, but a molehill, of flesh. His swagger suggested the old soak rather than the fallen gentleman; he spoke haltingly, breaking every phrase in half, as though the old knight were a second-rate improviser groping for his words. The fact that Mr. Robey did not know his lines was partly responsible for his failure; but even if he had been word-perfect I doubt if he would ever have given the impression of being the part. Deprived of eyebrows and a reproving stare, he knows very little of the gestures of comedy; and neither the matter nor the manner of the Elizabethans suited his idiom. There was, of course, a good deal of fun in his performance; Lady Tree as Mistress Quickly and Patrick Waddington as Prince Hal—both excellent performances—helped him a lot. But at his best he never rose to be anything more than a super-Bardolph.

"Mrs. Nobby Clark" at the Comedy Theatre

SCENE: A remote part of Burma, with only a dozen or so white people, mostly of the barbarous-genteel type so frequently dissected by Mr. Somerset Maugham. Enter a successful young actress from London who has married, for love, a bachelor popular in the community. She cares for music and books, he likes jazz and magazines. A young doctor shares her tastes, the community chatters, and she decides she loves him. For two Acts this situation is made highly entertaining by the authors' skill in depicting with hideous realism particularly unpleasant types of Empire-builder; but the last Act is boring and quite unconvincing. For the actress discovers that she loves her husband after all—Lord knows why, as he is no Gary Cooper and they don't appear to have a thought in common. She also discovers that she really likes the Empire-builders—and this is preposterous. They would no doubt be courageous in an emergency and kind to a man who had broken his leg; but the authors have devoted their considerable talents to showing that these people are insensitive, uncivilised and cruelly conventional. Miss Marie Ney acts the actress charmingly, but Mr. Cecil Parker, as the husband, can make nothing of his very dreary part. The rest of the cast act exceptionally well, and by their skill carry the play very happily through the first two Acts. To get away with the third Act would tax the genius of a Bernhardt and a Lucien Guitry.

"Crime and Punishment"

The main occasion for this revival of Baty's adaptation of *Crime and Punishment* at the Embassy is to give Stephen Haggard an opportunity of showing what he can do in a heavy tragic role. His Raskolnikoff could hardly fail to be interesting, for this actor carries with him the hints of mystery and morbidity into every part he plays. Yet there is a sensation of disappointment at the end of the evening, not because he plays badly, but because he attempts too little. It is as though throughout the piece he is struggling to present the character as close to normality as possible, and this neither realises Dostoevsky's intention nor gives the part itself one-tenth of its full dramatic value. Raskolnikoff is more than a human being who is three-parts mad—he is a terrifying symbol who requires for his presentation a force and intensity of assertion which Stephen Haggard never attempts. His drab naturalism dwarfs the character to inspire no more than an uneasy pity, and since there is a good deal of highly coloured melodrama in the rest of the cast, he is even at moments effaced. James Dale derives—and transmits—an immense enjoyment from the part of the Machiavellian chief-of-police, and his unregenerate theatricality is very entertaining. Another first-rate performance is that of Frank Royde as Marmeladoff. It is necessary to protest against the performance of Miss Pamela Willins as Sonia. Her gentle recitations had nothing to do with the part and very little to do with the theatre at all.



"Brewster's Millions"

The British film at the Leicester Square Theatre, *Brewster's Millions*, is more than just round the corner from the American *Kid Millions*, in Piccadilly. It is in fact a short street ahead of most recent examples of this song-and-shake-a-leg-genre, which Hollywood, by the usual process of fast and furious repetition, has reduced to an accepted and invariable formula. And it is not merely a question of what a whale of a difference a few accents make: after all, for the inveterate filmgoer, what Hollywood calls "British English,"—our own language as she is cooed and grunted at Elstree—has begun to take on an outlandish sound. Here is a British and Dominion talkie which shortens the audience's hitherto invariable verdict of "Well, I call that jolly good for a British film, don't you?" to a plain, delighted "Excellent!" Patriotism perhaps still has something to do with it. But the last approximately worthy picture of this kind made in England was *Sunshine Susie*; and this is in most respects an improvement: at any rate it has the requisite pace. The American Mr. Freeland, directing it, at last and at least has given a British film photography and dialogue which do not waste ten minutes over whether the Duchess takes one or two lumps of sugar in her tea. *Brewster's Millions* is a scenario taken from a play adapted from a book, and the plot itself is witty. Unlike "Kid" Eddie Cantor, who acquires his millions, Jack ("Brewster") Buchanan has half a million thrust upon him—and, on condition that he spends every penny of it in six months, there are another six millions waiting for him. That is not only funny for a start—the "very idea" of having to get rid of close on £3,000 a day!—it also provides adequate excuse for the chorus to keep cropping up at intervals, as it must. The yacht these young women practise on is large and sumptuous—but it does not in the American manner swell overnight to *Queen Mary* proportions; they can appear therefore without unlikelihood in a Corsica reminiscent of *Carmen* (yet fashionably Cuban) there to dance another dance of the warm South, this time the *Caranga*; and as the camera is here well used to record their entrance and the blacks and whites of their costumes are intelligently contrasted instead of heavily stressed in the mass, we not only avoid a nasty rush of colour to the tail-end of the film but enjoy the carnival in the piazza. The nether side of humour occurs once or twice too often in this picture; but on the whole the comedy is passably comic, the photography presentable and Mr. Buchanan most engaging in a perfect gift of a part. Above all, there is pace to the whole thing—the pace of a film, not of an English Sunday afternoon. For this relief, Mr. Freeland, much thanks. In the same programme is a Walt Disney fable, *The Hare and the Tortoise*, which won the 1934 award for films of its class. And no wonder. Only Disney can compete with Disney, and, to our amazement, improve on him.

"Abdul the Damned" at the Regal

Historical films are trying to anyone who has even a smattering of history, because they invariably distort history so as to make it more commonplace. The story of *Abdul the Damned* is boringly unreal: an Austrian singer after being blackmailed into entering the Imperial harem trots gaily in and out of the office of the Head of the Secret Police. The prison appears to be located in the same building as the seraglio, and the Young Turks appear as 100 per cent. idealists. And is it over-fastidious to complain that if you must drag in a remark about Greek islands having beautiful names, it is wiser not to make only three syllables of Mitylene? But judged as melodrama this film only just misses being first-rate. Kortner gives a virtuoso performance as the Sultan; Nils Asther and Esmé Percy are very effective. The high points of the film are the trick scenes in which Kortner plays both the Sultan and the actor he employs to impersonate him, and the brilliant use of the searchlights in the darkened throne-room at the end. The direction is intelligent, but almost every shot lasts five or more seconds too long, thus putting on disastrous brakes and repeatedly letting the excitement drop. There will not be a good costume film till someone is found to cut it as ruthlessly as if it were about gangsters instead of emperors. With such cutting *Abdul the Damned* could be put among the best British films in spite of its mediocre dialogue and basic falsity.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 8th—
- National Council for Equal Citizenship. Public Luncheon. Guests: Viscount Cecil, Marquis of Lothian, Dr. Maude Royden. St. Ermin's Hotel, 1.
- "The Path of Glory," Tavistock Little Theatre, Tavistock Place.
- Busch String Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
- Choral and Orchestral Concert, conducted by Dr. Cyril Rootham, Guildhall, Cambridge, 8.30.

SATURDAY, March 9th—
- Violin Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
- Lener Quartet, Queen's Hall, 3.
- "A Winter's Tale," A.D.C., Cambridge.

SUNDAY, March 10th—
- Prof. F. Aveling on "The Conquest of Pain: Mental and Bodily Attitudes," Conway Hall, 11.
- Film Society, Tivoli, 2.30.
- Cortot, Palladium, 3.15.

MONDAY, March 11th—
- Lord Allen of Hurtwood on "The Politics of Progress in 1935," Conway Hall, 8.
- Courtauld-Sargent Chamber Music Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Mass Lobbying of M.P.'s during Arms Debate, House of Commons, 7—11.

TUESDAY, March 12th—
- Dr. Josiah Oldfield on "Diet in Relation to Amity and Peace," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Miss Cicely Hamilton on "What I Saw in Russia," Conway Hall, 7.
- Public Meeting on Birth Control. Speeches by Dr. Edith Summerskill, J. F. Horrabin, Rebecca West, and others, Finsbury Town Hall, 8.
- "Love and Let Love," Daly's Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, March 13th—
- Dr. G. P. Gooch on "Dictatorship in Theory and Practice," Conway Hall, 7.
- Ralph Fox on "Problems of Writing in the U.S.S.R.," Chanticler Restaurant, Frith Street, 8.
- Mrs. Janet Chance on "Marital Jealousy," Essex Hall, Essex Street, 8.
- "Chicago," Gate Theatre.

THURSDAY, March 14th—
- Meeting on behalf of the Academic Assistance Council. Speeches by Sir William Beveridge, Sir Frederic Kenyon, and Prof. Gilbert Murray, Town Hall, Oxford, 8.15.
- Institute of Psycho-Analysis. Dr. Merrell P. Middlemore on "The Uses of Sensuality," Caxton Hall, 8.
- R. C. K. Ensor on "The Supersession of County Government," London School of Economics, 5.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

BLUFF KING HAL and Good Queen Bess, Wolsey saying a long farewell to all his greatness, Latimer and Ridley lighting a candle, Drake playing bowls, Raleigh spreading a cloak, the red glare of Skiddaw rousing the burghers of Carlisle—from our kindergarten days the Tudor age is sedulously imposed upon our imaginations by picturesque anecdotes; and pageants reinforce this impression by showing us patriotic, God-fearing and handsomely dressed Englishmen who, when not busy singeing the King of Spain's beard, move to the sound of madrigals over the lawns of Haddon and Burleigh. But on closer and more adult inspection you find behind this showy façade a nauseating spectacle of greed, hypocrisy, grossness and ferocity. In an omnibus book called *The Great Tudors* (Nicholson and Watson, 10*s.* 6*d.*), Miss Katharine Garvin has collected forty short biographies of the most celebrated Englishmen of the age, beginning with Henry VII who was born in 1457, and ending with Ben Jonson who died in 1637. Most of the papers are scholarly and interesting, so that the book is a remarkably good half-guineasworth. Unluckily the controversies which racked, all too literally, sixteenth century England are still active, and almost all these biographers are intent on making a case for their subjects. They do this, it is true, in a highly civilised way, giving full credit to the good intentions of the opposite side. But the effect of this is to produce a delusive picture in which the prevailing beastliness is effectively minimised.

* * *

In almost every case the lives of even the best of these "great Tudors" are disfigured by incidents which would be regarded as unforgivable in a politer age. "Exactly," the historian answers, "But they did not occur in a politer age; and men must be judged by the standard of thought and action current among their compatriots." This principle of moral relativity seemed sound enough in the last century when the brutalities of the past were thought to belong to a stage of human development which in Europe was over and done with. But we have seen intolerance and brutality practised and applauded in half Europe first during the War and then again to-day. We are in fact not so different from the Tudors that we can afford to look indulgently back upon their crimes. In order to defend civilisation against its enemies it is better to understand as far as possible their point of view than to be blinded by a passion of disgust. And in any case it is most important to recognise that the noblest human beings entertain repulsive states of mind. But it is equally important to insist that a wrong action cannot be made right by the fact that it meets with contemporary approval. And I think that the stature of Lord Acton becomes increasingly impressive as time passes, partly because against the prevailing fashion he stood so resolutely to this principle.

* * *

The most disastrous thing about the Renaissance is that it brought about a Reformation which was not a reform but a revolution. There seems to have been no obvious historical necessity for the creation of a new dogmatic religion (indeed of several), with claims as imperious as those of the Catholic Church, but far less logically defensible. Our historians like to represent English protestantism as requisite to save this island from the tyranny of an Italian prince; but the most powerful and independent nation in the succeeding century was not England, but France, which had remained a Catholic country. There appears to have been a straight road from the culture of the Italian humanists to that of the French encyclopaedists, but protestantism obliged humanity to make a long and painful detour, the puritanism of Luther and Calvin exciting an analogous puritanism in the followers of Pius V. The persecutions in England during the struggle between two churches each of which claimed a monopoly of truth smirch the whole of the Tudor period. The lives of six who died for their religious opinions are given in *The Great Tudors;* and in each case, I fancy, the biographer regards the sufferings of his hero as more unjustifiable than those of his enemies. Mary in a reign of five years martyred half as many again as Elizabeth in forty-four years; moreover she burned alive, while Elizabeth burned alive only protestants, and was content with disembowelling alive the Catholics. (The criminal laws were of course appallingly brutal: sodomy and witchcraft, as well as heresy, were punished with burning, and out of a population of hardly five millions over eight hundred a year were habitually executed.) To the impartial observer the Catholic theory of persecution is less indefensible than the Protestant one; moreover, to kill a man for not believing what his people have believed for a thousand years is rather less shocking than to kill him for not believing the latest theological inventions of a disgruntled king or monk. In any case one's sympathy with the sufferers is qualified by the fact that they themselves did not believe in toleration. It is a melancholy reflection that those who are prepared to die for a belief are almost always prepared to kill for it.

* * *

The standard reached by almost all the contributors to *The Great Tudors* is high, but the most lively essays are the three or four in which the portraitist is critical of his subject, Mr. Belloc on William Cecil, Miss Marjorie Bowen on Mary Queen of Scots, and Sir Alfred Noyes (though he goes too far) on Marlowe. Mr. Ellis Roberts makes a skilful study of Cranmer, and in his essay on Burbage Sir Nigel Playfair shows himself as good a writer as he was an actor. Mr. Peter Fleming, on Sir Humphrey Gilbert, once again displays an acute intelligence disfigured by an exaggerated frivolity and a taste for adolescent witticisms. The worst essay comes, very surprisingly, from Professor A. F. Pollard, who in an attempt to be popular succeeds only in being vulgar. Thus, writing of Henry's marriages he says:

> Six seems to have been the limit which divided the silly sheep from the giddy goats. The gravamen of the charge against Henry is not that he seduced the ladies of his court, but that he married them.

He also beheaded two of them, but the Professor has no word about this, or about the other and filthier cruelties of this noble king. Miss Katharine Garvin in her preface makes some amends for the absence from the book of any architect, musician or painter. (There is nowhere so much as a mention of John Thorpe or even Nicholas Hilliard.) The obvious heroes of the time are the Raleighs and Drakes and Frobishers, with the westering sun golden with promise upon their crowding sails; and Sir Philip Sidney, especially magnificent because "Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot." But bravest of all the handful of men and women—Kett is the only one celebrated in this book, and for the most part they were ignorant and fanatical—who protested against the tyranny of the Crown, the rapacity of the nobles, and the sufferings of the people. It is assumed in this book that there is now a fashion for the Tudors; a mediocre film about Henry VIII was, it is true, surprisingly successful, and our speculative builders have a taste for a style which they suppose to be Elizabethan. But I think that to a more fastidious taste the glories of that period now seem to have been rather overrated. Just as the architects of the time borrowed Italian ornaments without understanding their use, the great Tudors had the unscrupulousness of the Renaissance without its grace. The gingerbread of Protestant nationalism has lost most of its gilt, and physical courage no longer seems a virtue so rare or so shining as to blind us to rapacious hands and hearts of stone. The supreme glory of the time now appears its literature, the poetry of Spenser and Marlowe, the prose of Tindale and Cranmer. As Mr. A. L. Rowse says in his admirable paper on Essex—"They all wrote (and died) like angels." But even so the most resplendent edifices of Elizabethan poetry were not achieved till Elizabeth herself was dead.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

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WORD-MAKING AND SOUND-TAKING

WAS William de Morgan a good novelist? No one speaks of him to-day, I have not read him for twenty years and know he is full of lapses. But one of the lapses was so congenial to me that it has found refuge in that rabbit-warren, my mind, and bred progeny there. It is a sentimental lapse, on the subject of music. Perhaps in *Joseph Vance*, perhaps in *Alice for Short*, a little tune is introduced, and words are put to it, a tune by Beethoven. The tune floats out of upper windows and is heard by Mr. de Morgan's characters when they are feeling depressed. They are cheered by the sound of the piano; they pull themselves together as the pianist's left hand passes over her right, and as she hits the upper G successfully they leap towards the happy ending which their kindly creator has destined for them. Happy universe! Happy tune! Nice words:

No, no, no, you're quite mistaken.
No, no, no, you must be wrong.

For that is how it goes.

How Prout, in his far from happy universe, would wince at this! Prout also has a little tune, the *petite phrase* of the Vinteuil sonata which presents facet after facet to the varying sensitiveness of his characters. It would be impossible for Proust to label a tune. He understands too much about music, and also about people, to suppose that the relationship between them could be bottled up in words. The author of *Somehow Good*, knew no such scruples, and I don't know all of them myself. I feel bound to put words to a classical tune every now and then, and this is an example of what I can do:

Áh nò, áh nò,
The world will yet be saved, bé sàved,
Áh nò, áh nò,
The world will yet be saved,
Bé sáved.

Thus, to my ear, sings the second theme of the march-movement of Schumann's piano quintet; deserting the march-rhythm, the lovely liarsings to me of Geneva Triumphant and of a clean sweep of all our troubles, and lulls me into a sort of sleep. As soon as the theme starts, the associations I have had when listening to it previously take charge, and they are of a humanitarian character. Schumann is nowhere, his five instruments are nothing, and the five performers are nobodies unless they happen to hit badly wrong notes, when an aesthetic sensation returns.

If this habit of mine was constant, music would disappear and be replaced by a series of remarks, but it is luckily intermittent, and I am more inclined to thank William de Morgan than to censure him. He felt, as I do, that the pot of art gets cracked here and there, and sheds a few drops into life, and he is supported by the respectable authority of Beethoven. Once or twice—as in the Absence and Farewell sonata or in the posthumous F major quartet—Beethoven turns coarse and introduces a few words, and the Ninth Symphony itself may be regarded as an essay in coarseness. That awkward moment of transition from the orchestral to the vocal; that nervous entry of the soloist when he tries to look as much like a double-bass as he can, and invites his "friends" in a stomachy voice to rise in their shirt-fronts and shout; the rising of the friends and of the lady-friends, the clearing of pastilled throats, the concerted human breathing, the glint of pince-nez, the dubious numbers of Schiller—it is all vaguely disquieting after three great movements of music, where nothing seemed tethered to the earth. And yet without it there could be no Ninth Symphony. This rickety bridge has to be crossed before the army can enter heaven:

No, no, no, you're quite mistaken,
No, no, no, I'm sure you're wrong

if you deny to Beethoven or even to his auditors the right to stick on an occasional label, "Liberty," "Joy," "Peace."

The labels I have in mind are emotional. One, so to speak, finds them in the hand. Intellectual labels can also be applied, but they tend to take the form of jokes. Here are two—not made by me:

There was a bee
Upon a wall,
And it said buzz and that was all;
And it said buzz and that was all.

This is a fugue by Brahms. It occurs at the end of his Handel variations for piano. And this is a fugue by Bach:

O Ebenezer Prout,
You're a very funny man,
You have set Bach's tunes
To a lot of silly words.

I don't know Prout's settings: no doubt they were full of demure gaiety. No doubt he was a very funny man, and entertainment may be gained by such carpentry. I am more interested by the workings of the unconscious, and here is another of my own efforts in that direction, my handling of the slow movement of Beethoven's G major piano concerto.

This famous little movement consists of a dialogue between orchestra and piano, the orchestra rough, the piano plaintive, the orchestra gradually calmer. It is very easy music; it strikes or strokes immediately, and elderly gentlemen before myself have called it "Beauty and the Beast." What about Orpheus and the Furies, though? That is the idea that has slipped into my mind to the detriment of the actual musical sounds, and when the movement begins I always repair to the entrance of Hell and descend under the guidance of Gluck through diminishing opposition to the Elysian Fields. There has been no word-making, to be sure, but there has been a big operatic import, and not even the moment in the *Meistersinger* where a bit of *Tristan* comes in so changes the scene. The piano turns into Orpheus and *via* him into Miss Marie Brema, whom I best remember in that role, and the strings and wind, waving less and less their snaky locks, sink at last into acquiescence with true love. Then the third movement starts. The parallel breaks, and I am back in a world which seems four-square and self-contained, the world of the opening.

These capricious insertions of words, parallels, images, jokes, ideas, make listening to music a rocky and romantic affair, and I am very glad that there are also times when I seem to be alone with the sounds. It would not be worth while to pay for tickets or records, or to muddle at scores, if the release of one's fancy were the sole result. There is such a thing as the composer's intention, or if even that seems too colourful, there are such things as lines and marks upon pieces of paper which indicate the Goldberg Variations. In the spirit of William de Morgan himself, I smile on both sides of my face at once over this. I praise music because it gives access to two worlds:

Oh, no, no, you're quite mistaken,
No, no, no, you're quite, quite wrong

if you limit yourself to one type of optimism here, and if you forbid the hearer either to verbalise or to deverbalise the final movement of the Waldstein.

E. M. FORSTER

SOVIET COMMUNISM

FROM the outset of the Bolshevik Revolution to the present day, the most accomplished and knowledgeable newspaper correspondents at Moscow have been either American, or the representatives of American newspapers. Among those still living we may note as the most distinguished Louis Fischer, Walter Duranty, Maurice Hindus, and W. H. Chamberlin; all of whom are not only brilliant journalists but also authors of books about Soviet Russia which have had a large circulation, and will remain valuable records of contemporary happenings in the U.S.S.R. It is interesting to note that the first three of these eminent critics have become, in the course of many years' residence in Moscow, steadily more appreciative of Soviet Communism. The last one, and not the least distinguished, has been swayed in the opposite direction. In his latest work, *Russia's Iron Age*,* published after his transfer to Tokio from Moscow, Mr. Chamberlin tells us that he is disillusioned, that he has "long abandoned the conclusion that revolution on the Bolshevik model is the panacea for war and for all social injustice"; and that, on balance, American capitalism is far superior to Soviet Communism. He magnanimously tempers this adverse opinion by admitting that the Communist Party has, in so far as the illiterate masses within the old Russian Empire are concerned, many achievements to its credit.

Let us take first his record of successes:

> For some achievements of the Revolution I have the sincerest respect, especially for its spread of education among the masses, for its policy of absolute nondiscrimination among the races and nationalities of the country, for its exaltation of labor, for its promotion of health and recreation. I always come away from a workers' rest home or from a workers' club, situated perhaps in a former slum district, with a conviction that a vast amount of useful social and educational work has been and is being done under the auspices of the ruling Communist Party. (Page 372.)
>
> Industrialisation was a reasonable goal for a country with the population and natural resources of the Soviet Union; and the Soviet leaders have certainly displayed tireless drive and energy in creating a network of steel and chemical plants, tractor and machine-building factories, and electrical power stations. . . . I see no reason to doubt, he adds, that the Soviet leaders and the majority of the Communist Party members believe sincerely in their cause and think they are working for the well-being of their country. I have repeatedly been impressed by the obvious devotion of the more idealistic of the Young Communists and of the veteran *podpolshchiki*, or former underground revolutionaries.

This fair-minded appreciation is, however, overshadowed—one might almost say overwhelmed—by his "formidable burden of facts on the other side."

> There is, he continues, the permanent and odious system of terrorism and espionage. There is the decimation of the intelligentsia through secret arrests and banishments and most unconvincing "sabotage" trials. There is the subjection of the peasantry to wholesale deportations and to a "military feudal exploitation" that reached its terrible and inevitable climax in the great famine of 1932–1933—all for the sake of imposing on the peasants an alien and unfamiliar system which certainly has yet to prove its productive advantages.

In this article I have only space to note what seems to me an exaggerated statement of the agricultural situation on the one hand, and on the other the failure to perceive, let alone to explain, the great economic discovery made by Lenin and his followers.

To take first what seems to me an unwarranted statement of fact. Mr. Chamberlin is fully confident, although he had no opportunity of seeing it, that there was a famine, even a great famine, in the U.S.S.R. in 1931–1932, and the first half of 1933; and he even states with confidence that it caused at least three or four million extra deaths. For this statement he gives no data which would be accepted by a statistician. He tells us that in the autumn of 1933 he ascertained the mortality statistics in *one* of the 70,000 villages in the U.S.S.R., during certain months only, in one of these years. He then calmly extends these deaths to three or four millions. How does he do this? He first assumes that the monthly death-rate in that one village continued undiminished for a whole year, or even longer; he then assumes, without any warrant, that the famine affected a population of 60 millions, to which, equally without warrant, he applies the death-rate of his one village during the few worst months. Now this assumed famine-stricken population of 60 millions would be equal to one-half of the rural inhabitants between the Baltic and the Pacific. Yet the severe famine of 1921 affected gravely a population of only 15 millions, among whom it caused an excess mortality of round about one million. And when it is seen that the annual population statistics, either for the U.S.S.R. or for the Ukraine, show great evidence of migration to the cities, but none of any decrease of aggregate numbers; and when this is confirmed by continual annual increases in the aggregate membership of the village co-operative societies, not to speak of all the increases in their aggregate sales, it is not easy to believe in anything more serious than a partial failure of some crops in particular localities. That this partial failure of the harvest through climatic conditions led to the hunger and under-feeding among tens of thousands of people, with excessive death rates during certain months, in some localities, is doubtless true.

Again, Mr. Chamberlin tells us that this famine was "organised" by the Soviet Government. What is asserted by Soviet Officials is that there was, over wide areas, much wider than those affected by the drought, a sort of general strike fomented by anti-Soviet elements, kulaks, former white officers, former ruling landlords, former Cossack Chiefs, to sabotage the collectivisation of agriculture, by persuading collective farmers and individual peasants to "spoil machines, to restrict their sowing, to steal collective farm goods, to undermine labour operations, and to organise the thieving of seed and secret granaries." We might, of course, dismiss this explanation of the shortage of food as a plausible falsehood on the part of the Soviet officials. But it so happens that a leading counter-revolutionary living in Prague, Isaac Mazepa, states explicitly in the *Slavonic Review* for January, 1934, that it was the opposition of the Ukrainian population, not any climatic conditions, which caused the failure of the grain storing plan of 1931, and still more that of 1932. He boasts of the success of the passive resistance "which attempted a systematic frustration of the Bolshevik plans for the sowing and gathering of the harvests." He tells us plainly that owing to the efforts of himself and his friends "whole tracts were left unsown" and, in addition, that when the crops were being gathered in 1932 it happened that in many cases, especially in the south, 20, 40, and even 50 per cent. was left in the fields and was either not collected at all, or was ruined in the threshing. When counsel for the prosecution and for the defence agree as to the facts, it is not easy for a jury to refuse to accept them as the basis for the verdict.

Whether there was, or was not, an extensive famine throughout the Ukraine and the North Caucasus and how far this scarcity extended to all the agricultural districts in the U.S.S.R., and by whom this shortage was "organised" will doubtless remain an interesting problem for subsequent historians. What is more significant is the present state of agriculture in the U.S.S.R. Here we find not only an abolition, the year after the alleged famine, of bread rations throughout the U.S.S.R., but an increasing demand on the part of collective farmers in the Ukraine and elsewhere, for wireless sets, gramophones, and even pianos, iron bedsteads, and motor cycles, and other requisites for a civilised life. Moreover, the Soviet Government has shown its confidence in the increasing loyalty of the 70 million inhabitants of the collective farms and the remaining individual peasants, by deciding to alter the electoral system, so as to give to the vastly preponderating rural population equal voting powers with the proletariat of the towns. Further, these voters under the new constitution will vote by secret ballot, with free nomination by non-Party and other groups; whilst the system of indirect election is to be superseded by direct election of the higher Soviets, even of the

* *Russia's Iron Age.* By W. H. Chamberlin. *Duckworth.* 15s.

MACMILLAN

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MACMILLAN

All-Union Congress of Soviets—the Parliament of the U.S.S.R.

The more serious defect in Mr. Chamberlin's final estimate of Soviet Communism seems to me to be his failure to understand the meaning of the annual general plan for providing for the needs of the whole population, whether able-bodied or non-able-bodied. He repeats more than once, that there is no industrial unemployment in the U.S.S.R.; that in fact there is an acute shortage of man power, leading to the active participation of women not only in industry and agriculture but in government administration, and especially in the great professions of teaching and medicine, where they constitute to-day two-thirds of the whole personnel. But he fails to see that this abolition of unemployment, and this drive to obtain more and more labour force is due to a new principle of maximum wealth-production. What brings British and American business to a standstill? It is the inability of the capitalist producers to sell their constantly increasing product owing to the lack among the mass of the population of purchasing power. This absence of purchasing power among the whole population is due, so says the Soviet economist, to the hoarding or malinvestments by private persons of part of the product in rent and profit, and can only be remedied by the liquidation of the landlord and the capitalist. So long as this drain persists, the needs and desires of the people do not and cannot provide an effective demand for the whole produce of their labour. In the U.S.S.R. under the perpetually revised general plan, there is only one destination for the whole output, that is the present needs and the future requirements of the community as a whole. The first step is to estimate each year how many people there will be to be fed, clothed, and provided with what they need or desire. The second step is to ascertain how much of all the various commodities and services the existing factories and other establishments of all kinds are producing. Comparison of the two aggregates always reveals a deficiency, not only by reason of the vast annual increase of population, but also owing to the rising demands for new commodities and services. The third step is to enlarge and multiply all the productive agencies so that they can turn out the required increase in all the varied ranges of the consumers' demands, or the nation's needs. Such an increased output involves a corresponding increase in labour power, by hand and by brain; from the humblest labourer to the skilled mechanic; from the highest technician to the musician, actor, ballet dancer, scientific investigator, and, no doubt, the Marxian philosopher. But this increase in labour power is exactly the point at which the calculation started. The circle is complete. Every additional man and woman entering productive life finds a situation waiting to be filled in one or other of the enlarged or increased enterprises needed to produce the commodities and services that these new consumers desire. And because there is this amazing variety of situations open to them, at Trade Union rates of remuneration, all of the new recruits, equally with all those previously enrolled, are provided with purchasing power to make their demand effective.

It is needless to say that there are endless details to be added; all the consumers are not able-bodied producers, but even these, whether sick or aged, students or researchers, holiday-makers, or scholarship travellers, are provided with purchasing power by social insurance or educational grant. The collective farmers, and even the independent peasants, like the hunters and fishers, simultaneously add to the product and to the demand. What the economist may class as unproductive service, such as the government and army, like the theatres and cinemas, all come within the plan on both sides. It is this —to foreigners incredible—new principle of wealth-production, that Mr. Chamberlin fails even to understand.

Whether this new principle of maximum wealth-production —*planned production for community consumption*—is true or false, will be proved or disproved not by abstract reasoning but by the event. The increased prestige of the U.S.S.R. in foreign affairs, seems to indicate that even among the statesmen of capitalist countries there is a half-conscious inkling that there is something to be said for its validity. BEATRICE WEBB

MR. DAY LEWIS ARRIVES

A Time to Dance. By C. DAY LEWIS. *Hogarth Press.* 5s.
Collected Poems. By C. DAY LEWIS. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.

One of the obstacles in reading Swinburne is the recurrence of symbols which express nothing more definite than the desire to be writing verse. At any time and in almost any poem of his we may come across lines like these:

> Forth, ballad, and take roses in both arms,
> Even till the last rose touch thee in the throat
> Where the least thorn prick harms;
> And girdled in thy golden singing-coat
> Come thou before my lady and say this. . . .

Ballad or mistress—it hardly matters which he is addressing; the terms would be the same; and this lack of differentiation produces in the end a monotony which is no less blank for being ecstatic.

The stock imagery of poets who are at the opposite pole and whose idiom is rigorously "unpoetic" may affect us in a similar way. We cannot, for example, read far in the verses of the "New Country" school without encountering the same scenic props again and again. How tired we get of climbing in and out of trains, of scrambling up hills in the spring manoeuvres, filling reservoirs, charging power stations! Or leaving the ground, we sit in tethered balloons, the spectators of a mimic warfare, while round us the kestrel (sole bird of this new world) swoops, and the bully-boys of the Muse romp among the clouds like porpoises. There are few occasions when this scene, or part of it, is not invoked. It *is* the New Country. The last poem of Mr. Day Lewis's *From Feathers to Iron*, may be quoted as typical (though typical rather of the whole group, than of Mr. Lewis himself):

> Come out into the sun, for a man is born to-day!
> Early this morning whistle in cutting told
> Train was arriving, hours overdue, delayed
> By snowdrifts, engine-trouble, Act of God—who cares now?
> For here alights the distinguished passenger.
> Take a whole holiday in honour of this!

The passage commemorates the birth of a son; he it is who alights ". . . the distinguished passenger." Only the fact that New Country readers are used to saluting trains (the equivalent of Swinburne's roses and wine) on almost every other page can prevent them from seeing that passages of this kind are perfect self-parody. Here, so far as I can see, nothing has been conveyed to the reader except the rumblings of a ghost-train, like the flickering lights of expressionist drama, to signify that emotion has been felt.

That is the mechanical and bad side of the group product. Another sort of unreality which we shall find in Mr. Day Lewis, and particularly in Mr. Auden, results from a genuine futurism, which looks askance at the present, and is to my mind altogether good. The focus-point of all these poets is the future; they are ruled by that and by the occasional living points they see in the mirage of contemporary life. This gives them the pattern, which so many living poets lack, of an extra-personal vision, rather like the views of the moon through a telescope. To the Communist —and Communism is a vital belief in their work—we are living in a society of ghosts, whose actions and emotions are outdated and "unreal"; a sense of doom, tragically or lightly felt, as of a Titanic heading for disaster, illuminates their picture of life.

Both these characteristics—the technical weakness and the new vision—can be found and studied in Mr. Day Lewis's *Collected Poems*, which are published now together with a new volume. He is a fine, though remarkably uneven, poet; at times he does triumphantly bring it off, even in his earliest work. The usual criticism of him, that he is a nature poet with a delicate gift which has been twisted by his association with tougher minds like Mr. Auden's, appears to me distorted. There is no sign of it in his writing, and he published a book of verse before any of the others. It is true, however, to say that he has been sensitive, perhaps over-sensitive, to the styles of other poets. Most of the satire in *The Magnetic Mountain* is Audenesque—and not particularly good (it is probably his least successful book). With *A Time to Dance* he breaks away from this association. The result is a poetry more vigorous, more personal and sustained than anything he has written before.

Those who have read his essay, *A Hope for Poetry*, published by Blackwell in the autumn, will remember that he devoted a good deal of criticism there to the work of three poets: Hopkins, Wilfrid

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The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze

by William Saroyan

'As extraordinary a book as its title—the most extraordinary, indeed, that has come out of America since *Death in the Afternoon.* Fiery in its anger, tenderness, and humour.'—*Manchester Guardian.* 'I think he may become the Artist of the future. I read this book with the most vivid enjoyment.'—John Collier: *Daily Telegraph.* 7/6

English Illustration: The Nineties

by J. H. Thorpe

Mr. Thorpe's book does for the nineties what Mr. Gleeson White's well-known book did many years ago for the sixties, and will be equally indispensable to collectors and amateurs of English illustrations. In many ways the period covered in this volume (1890-1900) was the most interesting in this fascinating form of art. *With 125 illustrations.* 30/-

Owen, and T. S. Eliot. The influences of Eliot and Owen have worked themselves out by now; and in the new volume it is to Hopkins, a far more vital source, that he has turned. A lyric addressed to the skylark, "The Ecstatic," faintly recalls Hopkins' sonnet *The Sea and the Skylark*, but it is not so much an imitation as an extension, delightfully personal and spontaneous, of its original:

> Lark, skylark, spilling your rubbed and round
> Pebbles of sound in air's still lake. . . .

At other times the influence is unresolved and bad:

> Is it your hope, hope's hearth, heart's home, here at the lane's end?

—which as an opening line is rather formidably deterrent. There are, of course, poems here which owe nothing to Hopkins at all: the long "Johnny Head-in-Air," for example, a narrative of 150 lines in ballad metre suggesting at times the methods of *The Ancient Mariner*. It has for its scene a harsh landscape where men tramp eternally on, bowed under the weight of their packs (remember Baudelaire's *Chacun sa Chimère*); at a cross-roads they must choose between right and left—the old and the new way; it is the clash, which the poet divines in himself, between burdened habit and a vision of freedom:

> The plain breathed up in smoke: its breath
> Like a dying curse did freeze:
> The fingers of the fog reached up
> And took them by the knees.
>
> Cruel, cruel look the stars
> Fixed in a bitter frown:
> Here at our feet to left and right
> The silly streams run down. . . .

Mr. Day Lewis succeeds with impressive skill in evoking the sombre scene and appending a moral: an extension of his talent which I admit surprised me.

But the most ambitious poem in the book is the title-piece, "A Time to Dance," described as a symphonic poem in three parts. The first part is a narrative of an air-flight in 1920 from London to Melbourne—and it is here that the influence of Hopkins, noticeable from time to time in the earlier poems, reaches its full force:

> . . . And now the earth they had spurned rose up against them
> in anger,
> Tier upon tier it towered, the terrible Apennines:
> No sanctuary there for wings, not flares nor landing-lines,
> No hope of floor and hangar.
> Yet those ice-tipped spears that disputed the passage set spurs
> To their two hundred and forty horse-power; grimly they gained
> Altitude, though the hand of heaven was heavy upon them,
> The downdraft from the mountains: though desperate eddies spun
> them
> Like a coin, yet unkindly tossed their luck came uppermost
> And mastery remained.
>
> Air was all ambushes round them, was avalanche earthquake
> Quicksand, a funnel deep as doom, till climbing steep
> They crawled like a fly up the face of perpendicular night
> And levelled, finding a break
> At fourteen thousand feet. Here earth is shorn from sight:
> Deadweight a darkness hangs on their eyelids, and they bruise
> Their eyes against a void: vindictive the cold airs close
> Down like a trap of steel and numb them from head to heel;
> Yet they kept an even keel,
> For their spirit reached forward and took the controls while their
> fingers froze. . . .

The impress of *The Wreck of the Deutschland* is a little deeper than it should be; there is an occasional awkward line or flat phrase; but how well it has been seen, how good is the rush of these vivid jagged lines! (For the full effect one must read all twenty stanzas.) It is a magnificent exercise for a poet who hitherto has confined himself to the more clipped rhythms, and in my opinion it is a poetic achievement of real significance. After reading this, I think that Mr. Day Lewis might do anything in the future.

The second part, an elegy on the death of a friend, follows as a *adagio*, also in the ten-line stanzas with two half-lines, but here the rhythm is slowed down to an iambic pentameter; it concludes with an invitation to funeral games.

The third part takes the form of variations on old poems and styles; these vary in themes from Marlowe and Hopkins to a nursery rhyme, and in treatment from a serious use of parody and modulation to some attractive jazz. Most of them are successful. The poem ends with a brief ode commemorating heroes who live on in memory.

It is the most important poem that has been written by a young poet in England for a very long time. G. W. STONIER

THE DETERMINISM OF INDETERMINACY

New Pathways in Science. By Sir A. EDDINGTON. *Cambridge University Press.* 10s. 6d.

Sir Arthur Eddington's latest presentation of Mathematical Physics, its methodology and its philosophy, written, as always, in fluent and cheery English is an event of first importance. The foremost worker in this field, he has behind him a greater weight of authority than almost any other living scientist. It is all the more important therefore that his philosophical analysis should not be allowed to pass without criticism simply on account of his high scientific reputation. He would himself be the last to countenance this.

In charming and fraternal style Eddington leads us with sure and certain tread through the magic underground passages of atomic and sub-atomic physics until they open out into the vast caverns of Cosmic Clouds, from which we steal a glimpse of an expanding universe relentlessly moving to the End of the World. As we pass on our way he talks easily and absorbingly of Probability, the Theory of Groups and why he believes that the dragon of Determinism that has dogged our footsteps along these dark and lengthy passages is at last dead. Whether we agree with the philosophy or not, the discourse is absorbing.

Eddington is primarily a mathematician. He seems to see the future of science as a grand logically complete equation from the interpretation of whose symbols all the phenomena with which the scientist is concerned can be deduced by mathematical reasoning. It pops up all over the place. Take his attitude to time for example. Let us recollect in the first place that the basic feature of the universe that makes science possible is the existence in it of a certain form of recurrency; sunrise, the oscillation of a pendulum, etc. The inner story of science tells how scientists have been set to find ways and means of exposing and arranging for such recurrences. That is all we mean by the phrase "The *same* experiment under the *same* conditions always produces the *same* result." The experimenter knows quite well what he means by *same*. It is an affair of pointer readings in the experimental material, and in the environment. Inherent and inseparable from these recurrences in this business of time and its direction. It is interwoven with the data of study. Only a mathematician who found that his equations would allow t (time) to be read equally well positively as negatively would seek for some signpost to indicate the "going on of time." To Eddington, entropy "provides a unique criterion for discriminating between past and future," and this from the fact that "if we take an isolated system and measure its entropy at two instants . . . the instant that corresponds to the greater entropy is later." Imagine the situation. Eddington squatting on the earth twice plunges his thermometer into the heart of a star. That occasion on which the entropy was greater, he deduces, was the later of the two events. But since he must not begin with any foreknowledge of "before and after" how can he tell whether he took his thermometer reading on the second occasion before or after the first reading? Can the law be isolated from its use in this way? Where did the law come from except on the basis of elaborate investigation in which *before and after* is tacitly assumed at every turn. This is mathematics divorced with a vengeance from the experimental technique that is its basis. And as if to rub it in he adds "Discredit or explain away this property of entropy, and the distinction between past and future disappears altogether." Oh no, it disappears only from the mathematician's equations. The Law of Entropy is not discredited, only its unique status as regards the direction of time.

I give this illustration, one among many, to show how thoroughly saturated the Eddington outlook is in the valuations and the criteria of the mathematician who regards the world of science simply as a logically connected series of symbolical relations, instead of an interlocked and expanding body of theory and practice; in the true sense of the term a *modus vivendi*. Take this nasty business of determinism for instance. The scientist's sole mode of verifying its existence lies in his capacity for prediction. The experimenter takes a chunk of the world (he calls it Matter) and chipping at it finds it breaks off in a convenient small piece he calls an atom. At this he hammers further and knocks out bits he calls electrons. He warms up; for isn't he getting to know a great deal about the solid chunk at which he started chipping? Oh no, says Eddington in effect, in some ways you know less. You only imagine it is a solid chunk. You only imagine you know where that piece would fly to when you struck it with the hammer. Look

INDUSTRIAL ENGLAND

The Registrar-General, England and Wales, has now issued the " Industry Tables " based on the Census of England and Wales, 1931.

The Statistics are classified under some 4,000 separate headings, details of which are given in the " Classification of Industries," 4*s.* 6*d.* (4*s.* 9*d.*), now published separately. The Statistics analyse in great detail the numbers of men and women employed in the manufacturing and other industries of the country. 32*s.* 6*d.* (33*s.* 3*d.*).

The Occupation Tables were published in July, 1934, 30*s.* (30*s.* 9*d.*), together with " The Classification of Occupations," 12*s.* (12*s.* 6*d.*). These volumes complete a comprehensive statistical picture of the distribution by industry and occupation of the entire population of England and Wales.

HOUSING

House Production, Slum Clearance, etc., England and Wales, to September 30th, 1934. Ministry of Health. 3*d.* (4*d.*).

For the first time a separate volume has been issued reporting the results of the Decennial Census relating to Housing of the Population of England and Wales. The survey is exceptionally complete, and the 89 pages of Statistical Tables are prefaced by an introduction of some 60 pages in which the subject is generally discussed not only from the point of view of the size and number of separate dwellings, but also in relation to the problem of over-crowding. 6*s.* 6*d.* (6*s.* 10*d.*).

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The Department of Overseas Trade has issued a concise survey of the recovery measures and economic conditions in the United States of America. The bulk of the report is devoted to an estimate of the probable results of the " New Deal." 5*s.* (5*s.* 3*d.*).

CAREERS

New pamphlets have recently been added to the valuable series issued by the Ministry of Labour and Board of Education. Titles now include: " Medicine," 3*d.* (4*d.*); " Local Government Services," 3*d.* (4*d.*); " Clerical and Secretarial Work (Women)," 3*d.* (4*d.*); " Librarianship," 2*d.* (3*d.*); " Journalism and Publishing," 4*d.* (5*d.*); " Law," 2*d.* (3*d.*).

INDIA. MORAL AND MATERIAL PROGRESS 1932-33

A survey of developments in Politics and Administration, Defence, Emigration, Agriculture, Industry, Communications, Commerce, Finance, Health, Education, with a chapter on the Scientific Surveys: archæological, topographical, geological, etc. 3*s.* (3*s.* 3*d.*).

RESEARCH WORK

A very wide field is covered by the annual Report of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research for the year 1933–34. The volume provides a handy method of keeping in touch with significant developments in the application of science to industry to-day. Cmd. 4787. 3*s.* (3*s.* 3*d.*).

BRITISH DOCUMENTS ON THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR, 1898-1914

Edited by G. P. Gooch, D.Litt., F.B.A., and Harold Temperley, Litt.D., F.B.A., with the assistance of Lillian M. Penson, Ph.D. This new volume deals with the War between the Balkan Allies and Turkey and with the resulting European Conference of 1913. It contains notable utterances of leading personalities and makes available a wealth of information on European Politics in the last great crisis before the War. 20*s.* (21*s.*).

GREAT BRITAIN IN FIGURES

The " Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom for each of the 15 years 1913 and 1920–33 " contains a wealth of information relating to the population, civil and social conditions, industry, trade, agriculture, etc., of the United Kingdom. Cmd. 4801. 6*s.* 6*d.* (7*s.*).

EGGS AND POULTRY

In two reports, one relating to England and Wales and the other to Scotland, proposals are made for sweeping changes in the methods of marketing eggs and poultry. Report for England and Wales. 1*s.* (1*s.* 4*d.*). Report for Scotland. 1*s.* (1*s.* 2*d.*).

INDUSTRIAL ART

A report to the Board of Education, by Mr. E. M. O'R. Dickey and Mr. W. M. Keesey, of its Inspectorate, on the result of recent investigations into Industry and Art Education on the Continent constitutes a valuable survey of some very interesting developments in art education. 2*s.* (2*s.* 2*d.*).

TELEVISION

The report is now ready of the Committee which was appointed to consider the development of television and to advise the Postmaster-General of the relative merits of various systems. 6*d.* (7*d.*).

PHYSICAL TRAINING

Though primarily intended to lay down a course of training for recruits, the War Office Manual of Physical Training provides valuable advice and information for a large part of the civilian population. With 181 plates. 3*s.* (3*s.* 5*d.*).

All prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON: Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C.2. EDINBURGH, 2: 120 George Street.
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at that atomic nucleus, for example, there is nothing in the existing scheme of physics that enables you to predetermine when it will break down. All that you have been encountering in this apparently solid world is a sort of average effect that has only the appearance of law and order just as that stone only had the appearance of solidity. You are confusing appearance with reality. Statistically, chaos in the nucleus looks like law and order in the aggregate. At all costs hold on to chaos in the nucleus. It's real. Now note that Eddington does not like the word Reality. I am not surprised. Words must be the servants of Man not his master. If I use the word real for this piece of stone I will use it also for the fact that physicists are excluded for understandable physical reasons from penetrating below a certain depth into the atom. If the mathematician assures me that as far as he is concerned chaos reigns below that depth I am entitled to demur when he wants to assert that the chaos is real. It is bad language. The scientist always sets himself a restricted problem. At a certain level of experimental experience, he asks, how much of the happenings of the world about me can I predict? And on the basis of this how can I enlarge my range of prediction? What he has built up in this way is a determinist science. What he has exposed is a species of determinism in nature. The mathematician may play a different and useful game. On certain assumptions about the inner behaviour of the atom, he asks, how can I build up a symbolical scheme that when interpreted will lead as a logical deduction to the known behaviour, say, of "real" gross matter? Of course if he uses the word "real" for the statistical chaos with which he starts we are going to have linguistic difficulties. If he starts with a chaos and, using a deterministic logic that he does not recognise as the logic of "real" physical operations, finishes up by stating "see, I can get your so-called Laws of Determinism out of chaos and pure reason, they aren't really real and they aren't basically deterministic" we begin to suspect a series of puns.

And so Eddington having effectively driven the last vestiges of determinism from the shrine of science *predicts* the nature of the world's ending. But of course that isn't determinism. That's Literature, that was H. LEVY

A RECRUIT AND SOME VETERANS

A Question of Proof. By NICHOLAS BLAKE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
The Devereux Court Mystery. By MILES BURTON. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
The Adventures of Ellery Queen. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
The "Looking-Glass" Murders. By DOUGLAS G. BROWNE. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
The Five Suspects. By R. A. J. WALLING. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.
Naked Murder By FIRTH ERSKINE. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7s. 6d.
The Plague Court Murders. By CARTER DICKSON. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
The Top Floor Killer. By W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 7s. 6d.
Skin for Skin. By WINIFRED DUKE. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Nicholas Blake's first detective novel, *A Question of Proof*, has been declared their book of the month by the Crime Club. Although this is a very lean month for the Crime Club, it is unusual for the panel of experts who choose what Messrs. Collins shall publish to pin their selection to a first novel, for experience counts for much in writing detective stories. Experience enables our brigade of veterans to hash up a passable story out of stale and doubtful ingredients in such an artful way that their readers will always swallow the concoction. We read such books but we do not praise them to our friends, and we forget about them as quickly as possible. Inexperience often wishes to strike out a new line without appreciating the intractability of detective story material, and produces fantastic plots coupled with unforgivable solutions. Mr. Blake shows his mettle in his lively description of the boys and masters at a private school. When the nastiest little boy in the school is found murdered under a truss of hay after the school sports it looks as if Mr. Blake had a pleasant novelty in plots and motives to offer us. The headmaster's wife is compromised, a secret society is active among the small boys, and the masters are terribly on each other's nerves. Then comes the second murder, and we begin to fear the fantastic element may prove too strong for Mr. Blake's inexperienced grip. But the author is not such a novice as we were ready to believe, and he resorts to one of the favourite devices of the old brigade—a madman is at work. There goes our hope of an original motive! And to conceal the identity of the madman every character has been evenly smeared with suspicious behaviour; that is another trick of the old hands, to distribute the suspicion so generously and yet so thinly that the author need not decide himself on his criminal until the last chapter. Naturally, the solution must be counted tolerable, as we have tolerated similar solutions a hundred times before, but it robs a very promising book of the applause we were preparing to give it. I have no doubt that Mr. Blake will write better detective stories than his first when he realises that for a reader to be startled by a solution the author must keep him in trim to be startled. Once the limpet is allowed to close the chink of expectancy, you will never spring him off his rock of indifference; his sceptical shell has been too hardened by the attempts of all your predecessors.

The Devereux Court Mystery is a perfect example of an old brigade novel, competent in a dull way, but padded and spun out almost beyond endurance. In an alley way off the Strand a body is found in the early hours of the morning, a burglar's body. The problem resolves itself into identifying the members of a nefarious gang, and most of us can do that in a tenth of the time it takes Scotland Yard and the amateur sleuth, Desmond Merrion. It is not derogatory to Mr. Ellery Queen to say that his elaborately tidy method of detection is unsuited to the limits of the short story. *The Adventures of Ellery Queen* is a collection of minor essays in detection, amusing trifles, but by their very abbreviation they give a false picture of Mr. Queen's habitual thoroughness. Most of the stories contained in the collection have already appeared in magazines.

The justification for the title of *The "Looking-Glass" Murders* lies in the chapter headings and a performance of *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* at which one of the murders occurs, although Major Hemyock, the archaeologist detective, professed to see in the crimes themselves some looking-glass quality which escaped me. The plot deals with a series of murders in a family long established in one of our cathedral cities, and none of the ordinary motives seems applicable, since the victims are elderly, unattractive and have nothing but debts to bequeath. Mr. Browne is in the difficult position of an author with only one motive to his crime; and the problem for the reader resolves itself into unearthing that *cui bono* for the murders. No good, however, will come of mental effort, as Mr. Browne yields no clue but just picks the motive out of a vault in the closing chapters. Mr. Walling in *The Five Suspects* does exactly the same thing, I regret to say, because the business of his style led me to expect something more ingenious. A harmless old solicitor this time is murdered in a provincial town, but owing to his very harmlessness there is the same difficulty with the motive and a shortage of red herrings, so again the reason for the crime has to come out of a conjuror's hat.

Naked Murder and *The Plague Court Murders* rely too much on fantastic psychology and impossible behaviour to be reckoned as problems for detection. As thrillers they are not without merit and as such they should be read. *Naked Murder* occurs in high society in New York; the naked decapitated body of an exquisitely beautiful woman is found in a pent house and the police immediately arrest someone without bothering to look for the missing head. The Plaque Court victim was murdered during a psychic *séance* in a haunted house, but readers need not be afraid of ghosts; there is a devilish but human agent at the back of it. Compared with these two sophisticated studies in the macabre *The Top Floor Killer* is childish in its appeal; no one over the age of sixteen is likely to appreciate the nobility of the "lone wolf" detective in New York City avenging his murdered chief.

The subject chosen by Miss Winifred Duke in *Skin for Skin* is a murder in real life. Some years ago an insurance agent in Manchester was convicted of murdering his wife by a jury, but the verdict was quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal on the grounds of insufficient evidence for a conviction. The police had a theory that the man prepared an alibi and then stripped himself naked, put on a mackintosh and came into the parlour to bludgeon the poor woman to death. Miss Duke supplements the facts revealed at the trial by the exercise of her imagination. We are told the husband's inmost thoughts as he set about ridding himself of a quiet but boring wife. Miss Duke's version rings true enough, but actually we know it is not true, and in speculating on crime in real life I prefer the limitations of the short-hand reporter to the expatiations of the novelist. RALPH PARTRIDGE

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A BOOK TO READ

Patterns of Culture. By RUTH BENEDICT. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

This anthropological study is fascinating to read and the author's conclusions are of great practical interest. It is a book which can be vigorously recommended to the general reader. Miss Ruth Benedict begins by pointing out the weaknesses of the older anthropological method, which took apparently similar customs from every part of the globe and tried to find a general explanation for them. She then shows that a culture has a dominating pattern which determines most of its customs, and without which these are inexplicable. (She is careful to admit that some cultures are not thus integrated, and to deplore the possibility of observations guided by an *a priori* view of what seems a likely pattern.) She then takes three highly integrated cultures, and points out the significant pattern in each of them. The first is that of the Pueblo Indians, a very amiable people, caring above all for moderation, "Apollonian," as Miss Benedict calls it, following Nietzsche. They are indeed "incorrigibly mild" and escape the peaks as well as the abysms of human experience. She contrasts them with the other Indians who seek by the extremes of self-torture to attain "vision" and similar intensities of feeling, and significantly are as cruel to others as they are to themselves. She then takes us to Dobu, an island in North-West Melanesia. Though neighbours of the Trobriand Islanders, of which Professor Malinowski has given us such sympathetic descriptions, the people of Dobu are the most odious backward people of which I have ever read. The pattern of their culture is determined by paranoiac suspicion and hatred. They believe that no advantage in life can be attained by any individual except at the expense of his fellows—"If your yams grow, it means that mine will rot"—and a matrilinear system with exogamic marriage between hostile villages aggravates the prevalent uneasiness. (Married couples live alternate years in the respective villages of husband and wife, the "stranger" spouse in each case being surrounded with acute dislike.)

> The formula that corresponds to our "thank you" upon receiving a gift is "If you now poison me, how should I repay you?" That is, they seize upon the occasion to remark by formula to the giver that it is not to his advantage to use a universal weapon against one who is under obligations to him.

This vicious circle of suspiciousness has an obvious parallel in the current relations of the Great Powers; and it is not only "backward" cultures which suffer, like individuals, from acute neuroses.

We are next conducted to the Kwakiutl of Vancouver Island. Though we know their culture in considerable detail, it was destroyed in the latter part of the last century. Here the pattern is dominated by economic rivalry expressing itself in ostentation and waste. The currency consists partly of useful objects, like blankets, partly of etched copper plates, as artificial in value as our gold. A hundred per cent. is the prevailing rate of interest; you cannot refuse a present; every present is a loan, and therefore has to be returned after a year in duplicate. The ambition of the Kwakiutl is to swallow up his neighbour's capital by loading him with presents, and the advantage of the large over the small capitalist in such a system is evident. In their passion for economic competition a market value is attached to every conceivable prerogative, to songs, to stories, even to the names of dogs and canoes and house-posts. A party affords the occasion for an orgy of competitive ostentation. The guest tries to extinguish the host's fire by piling his own valuables upon it, and the host retaliates by feeding the fire with his valued store of fish-oil. Miss Benedict discreetly mentions analogous practices among white persons who waste sorely needed money on things they neither like nor need in order to preserve the respect and envy of their neighbours. I think the indignation of Swift never lashed his imagination into myths more satirical than the actual practices of Dobu and the Kwakiutls.

After displaying these three cultures, Miss Benedict applies her conclusions tentatively to the pattern of the culture in which we ourselves live. Thus, having shown that a successful and admired man among the Pueblo Indians would be a despised failure in Dobu, and vice versa, she has the temerity to suggest that the acquisitive type which is the most rewarded and most powerful in our civilisation is not necessarily an illustration of the biological law by which the fittest survive. She points out that our culture is merely one of a prodigious number of possible cultures, and that we who live in it cannot help taking for granted some of its most arbitrary customs. (Mr. Basil Willey made the same point in his valuable study of *The Seventeenth Century Background*.) She makes a powerful case for the extreme malleability of human nature:

> Those explanations of custom which derive our economic scheme from human competitiveness, modern war from human combativeness . . . have for the anthropologist a hollow ring. Rivers was the first to phrase the issue vigorously. He pointed out that instead of trying to understand the blood feud from vengeance, it was necessary to understand vengeance from the institution of the blood feud. In the same way it is necessary to study jealousy from its conditioning by local sexual regulations and property institutions.

Miss Benedict's book is highly encouraging to everyone who seeks to make changes in the prevailing patterns of our own culture. But even the most conservative pessimist will, if he is intelligent, find this an absorbing book.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE MODERN TORY

Frederick Edwin Earl of Birkenhead; The Last Phase. By his Son, LORD BIRKENHEAD. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE and an appreciation by the Rt. Hon. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. *Thornton Butterworth.* 21s.

Biographies of distinguished politicians by wives, sons or daughters are rarely successful, and this book is not an exception. The common idea that any fool can write a book—and particularly a biography—is a delusion. Authorship is just as skilled a trade as bricklaying, the law, or the army. We do not expect the daughter of a general to be able to command an army corps without training, and the Second Earl of Birkenhead would never imagine that the mere fact that he is son of the First Earl would enable him adequately to fulfil the duties of a Lord Justice in the Appeal Court. But he assumes that he is quite competent to undertake the extremely difficult task of writing the life of his father in two volumes. He is mistaken. It is a great pity, because a good biography of this modern Tory would have been extremely interesting. As it is, one can get very little out of this book. There are a few letters of importance which passed between Lord Birkenhead and Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill, or Lord Irwin, but the general impression is a blur: the book is like one of those very early films in which blurred figures darted in disconcerting jerks across the screen and were completely obscured every now and again by what seemed to be violent flashes of lightning. This is partly due to the fact that the present Lord Birkenhead has, like the early film-makers, not yet mastered the technique of the art which he is trying to practise. Books unfortunately have to be written in words, and words have to be controlled. The following sentence is characteristic of Lord Birkenhead's style: "But in respect for the previous decision of the Committee it had been necessary to argue the question at the Bar with great elaboration, and the Lord Chancellor's speech was, of necessity, equally elaborate." The sound of a pen or typewriter creaking like that through 300 pages is formidable. The amateurishness extends from the manner to the matter. The author of a biography of a Lord Chancellor ought to make up his mind whether the well-known Irish statesman who negotiated the Treaty of 1921 called himself Arthur Griffith or Arthur Griffiths and whether one of the leading Trade Unionists calls himself Bevin or Bevan. The naiveness of the author's opinions and his mode of expression may be seen in the following remark about the crazy Wheeldon family who were charged in 1917 with conspiring to murder Mr. Lloyd George: "They were a familiar and rather odious type—first the extremist and most foolish of suffragettes, then violent pacifists."

The book therefore unfortunately gives one little data for judging either the career or character of F. E. Smith. The impression, such as it is, with which one is left at the end is of a rather hard, able, quick-witted, clear-minded lawyer. It is a great pity that the chapters on Birkenhead's work as Lord Chancellor and Judge were not entrusted to someone who could have dealt adequately with that side of his career; for a competent judgment—say of Lord Macmillan—on his legal achievement would have been very interesting. As a politician, he enjoyed a career chequered by dazzling success and failures. He was a very modern Tory. In so far as there was any principle behind his political beliefs it was that of economic conservatism. You can see this most clearly in his letters regarding the General Strike and the tragic epilogue of the strike, the starving out of the miners. The only time one feels real conviction creep into Birkenhead's toryism is here. To break the unions, the miners, and Mr. Cook is the one object to be considered. The idea that the miners had a case and that the owners'

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interests might not be the same as that of the country never seems to have crossed his mind. The miners were challenging the existing order of society, the economic *status quo*, and Birkenhead felt towards them as Burke felt towards the political democrat. They must be beaten and broken. Nothing else mattered, for he felt about the economic system what Burke felt about Marie Antoinette and the *ancien régime*—that is the difference between the toryism of the twentieth century and that of the eighteenth.

LEONARD WOOLF

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Disallowed. By E. WARBURTON and C. BUTLER. *Wishart.* 1*s.*

Time to Spare. By ELEVEN UNEMPLOYED. *Allen and Unwin.* 5*s.*

Self-Subsistence for the Unemployed. By J. W. SCOTT. *Faber.* 6*s.*

Disallowed is a book which consists of two fairly brief statements of what their job is like by two investigators under the Means Test. These documents are probably unique, for most people who take up such occupations either are insensitive by nature or grow by habit so insensitive that they could not write anything intelligent about their work. Both the authors, indeed, resigned their posts apparently owing to their discomfort at the work that they had to do. Mr. Butler "writes up" his experiences, and so damages their value; Mr. Warburton leaves his story unadorned and is so much the more effective.

The reader of his account does not chiefly resent the cruelty of the Means Test. Cruel it is indeed, but in a world hardened to Nazi tortures and Chinese massacres the sufferings of the unemployed are undramatic. It is the impertinence of the Means Test which most impresses the reader, as it does the victims. Take, for example, the case which Mr. Warburton calls that of "Sylvia Blakey." Mrs. Blakey was married to a war cripple, who could not leave his chair and had to have special food. Her relief was reduced by 10*s.*, on the ground that the total income of the house for three adults was 50*s.* (The disability pension was 30*s.* and the son earned a pound.) She was allowed 3*s.* 6*d.* relief. She protested: "Fifty shillings income? Why, of course not; I don't know how you arrive at it . . ." "Your son earns a pound . . ." "Yes, but my boy doesn't give me a pound. Deary me, he must have a shilling or two in his pocket. And besides, what about his clothes?" "Your son's clothes or what he keeps in his pocket have nothing to do with this Committee . ."

And so on: a most minute and insulting examination. It ends, as everyone knows, in the employed son or daughter either running away from home to leave the incubus of the unemployed father or mother, or in staying and treating the parent as a parasite.

Time to Spare is a reprint of broadcast lectures by the unemployed which shows how the victims of national relief live. It is enormously the most important of these three books, and is not one that can be briefly reviewed. It contains eleven absolutely unedited and honest pictures of English homes to-day. Mrs. Pallas's contribution (which would make a 70,000 word novel in more commercial hands) ends:

> What's gone is past, but I wouldn't like to live a minute of my life over again. With all the struggling, you can't manage. All the struggling is just for food. Still, we're happier than some, for in our house we're all in harmony, we all help. The kids wash dishes, and so on. Everyone does something in our house. The only hope we have got is the hope to come. I've lived for hope, or as my husband would say, for faith, for thirteen years.
>
> Perhaps, after all, it's worse for the men. The women have their work and their home. I have no hope my husband will ever work again.

Very few people, of those who should, will read this most impressive book. Mr. John Rankin's opening words were fully justified:

> "I think I've got a pretty hopeless task," he said. "I don't think you *want* to know what it feels like to be out of work. If you did, something would have been done about it long before now."

Professor Scott's book arises out of the "Homecroft" experiment—a settlement in which the workers were paid in chits entitling them to a call upon so many potatoes, etc., as produced, somewhat upon the lines of Robert Owen's experiments. He succeeds in showing that such colonies do valuable work of an "ambulance" kind for the victims of capitalism; he hardly convinces the reader that they provide a solution of the problem.

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MORE CLARE

The Poems of John Clare. Edited by J. W. TIBBLE. *Dent.* 2 Vols. 25*s.*

In these two volumes John Clare's latest biographer has gathered together the bulk of Clare's poems already published, with 300 more from manuscript. "Even so the poems still left in manuscript considerably outnumber all those included"—but it is safe to assume that only the most ardent worshipper or inquisitive student will cry out for more. Those who have formed their opinion of Clare on Mr. Blunden's collections will find little in the 300 new poems to change it, and may perhaps even regret the appearance of the most ambitious of them: *The Parish*, a satire in—but unhappily not in—the style of Crabbe. But though there is nothing unexpected, there is great interest and pleasure to be found in these volumes.

They give an extremely clear view of Clare's poetical development, representing him abundantly in every vein, from the laughable pomp of his first efforts to the wild and thrilling note of the asylum pieces. The success of Clare's first volume will amaze the amateur—who, to explain it, may recall Dr. Johnson's *mot* on dancing dogs and women preaching. And indeed from that point of view the peasant-poet's least achievements are remarkable; he had much more to contend with than, for instance, Burns had. Still more remarkable is his almost regular advance from strength to strength. This seems to have been largely an unconscious process, for his judgment remains quite uncertain, and even at the very end, among the asylum poems, we may stumble on such a masterpiece of Augustan dignity as *Trust in Providence*:

> Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
> Observe the various vegetable race . . .
> Say, does not life its nourishment exceed,
> And the fair body its investing weed? . . .

Perhaps he wrote it in his sleep; one could, easily. Or there will be a complete change of tone within the poem, as in *Come Hither*, which begins so exquisitely.

Clare was a born rhymester, and signalised his beginnings by a fatal copiousness. Poetry, we must remember, was his refuge, hope and chief delight, "I play to please myself" his favourite motto; and it must be owned that he was not difficult to please. In the early volumes, page after page of description or autobiography, in the dullest of couplet or stanza forms, comes pouring out—Clare fills up the tea-pot again and again, and never seems to notice that the beverage is getting paler and paler. Yet some of these inordinate outpourings—such as *Childhood*, here first published—have both charm and pathos; while even the ruck of Moorish melodies, love-ballads and tender pastorals will appeal, though faintly, to any moderately soft heart with a liking for the faded and absurd prettiness of "period" verse.

Yet it is a relief to come to the next phase, when Clare was turning out short nature poems, more vivid than anything he had yet achieved. His descriptions had always been incredibly copious and minute; he was familiar with every detail of the rural scene, and yet had remained as sensitive to environment as his own snail. But the interminable early poems drown every landmark; reading them is rather like trying to inspect a large tract of country through a microscope. In his maturity, Clare began to select, to frame, and we have an almost infinite number of small canvases—landscapes, landscapes with figures, and so on. Few of the very best have escaped Mr. Blunden's keen, and in this case particularly sympathetic, eye; but Mr. Tibble has gathered together many more almost, if not quite, as good. His book is especially valuable for the poetry of this neglected middle period—immeasurably better than the early work, and less known than the asylum poems.

Yet admiration, even for the mature Clare, remains optional. For one thing, he (like Richard Jefferies) is often content with the bare subject—the Description prevails over the Sentiment, as Keats observed; so you must care about the subject in the first place. Take, for instance, this nature-note in verse, one of a whole series of unpublished bird-poems.

> THE MISSEL-THRUSH'S NEST.
> In early March, before the lark
> Dare start, beside the huge oak tree,
> Close fixed agen the powdered bark,
> The mavis' nest I often see;
> And mark, as wont, the bits of wool
> Hang round about its early bed;
> She lays six eggs in colours dull,
> Blotched thick with spots of burning red.

That, though an extreme case, is thoroughly characteristic,

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whereas the famous snail-verse from *Summer Images* is, in its imaginative touch, exceptional. Here is a much more typical stanza from the same poem:

> And wind-enamoured aspen—mark the leaves
> Turn up their silver lining to the sun,
> And list! the brustling noise, that oft deceives,
> And makes the sheep-boy run:
> The sound so mimics fast-approaching showers,
> He thinks the rain begun,
> And hastes to sheltering bowers.

True, Clare's extraordinary sensibility is plain enough; but where direct expression of feeling is attempted, the result (as in *Remembrances*) is often a kind of plaintive, tentative half-poetry, beyond which he seldom got.

At least, until the asylum period. He was never, until then, half mad enough. And there is nothing anywhere quite like this new voice, wild, careless, poignant, sometimes half-witted in its artlessness, sometimes amazing in its delicate art, its power and subtlety. Clare could often say now with ease, indeed off-hand, things he had for years tried in vain to say. But comparatively few "new" asylum poems are included here, and none first-rate; Mr. Blunden seems to have laid hands on all that were left of them.

Mr. Tibble's part in these volumes has been done thoroughly, and with the least possible fuss; it handsomely completes the service to Clare begun by the *Life* published three years ago.

K. JOHN

MORALITY AND RELIGION

The Two Sources of Morality and Religion. By HENRI BERGSON. Translated by R. ASHLEY AUDRA and CLOUDESLEY BRERETON, with the assistance of W. HORSFALL CARTER. *Macmillan.* 10s.

One of the distinctive features of the philosophy which Bergson announced to the world in the years immediately before the war was that reality was a dynamic everchanging flux; another, that there was a fundamental distinction between instinct and intellect. The former, perfected by the insect world, in its human version as intuition, reveals to us metaphysical truth; the latter, a specifically human faculty evolved because of its utility in the course of man's struggle for existence, conceals it. The world, gratified by what it took to be an assurance that brains were not really necessary after all, rewarded Bergson by a vast contemporary popularity. For a time he was "the rage," and fashionable Parisiennes, convinced that "intuiting" was a trick which, they hoped, Bergson would teach them, flocked to his lectures, as if not the intellect but a "crime passionel" were on trial.

Creative Evolution, Bergson's masterpiece, was published in 1907. For twenty years its author remained silent; then in 1932 he published *The Two Sources of Morality and Religion*. The book, it was obvious, was the work of an old man—Bergson was seventy-three when it appeared—yet for the French the philosopher retained his old glamour. In two years it passed through seventeen editions, and now, at last, we have it in an English translation.

The translation supervised by Bergson himself is first-rate. Bergson's French is a model of philosophical writing, clear, precise, felicitous, elegant, at times eloquent. But its very virtues make translation difficult. The thought of a great stylist is inseparable from the language in which it is conveyed. Change the language, and insensibly you alter the thought. In the circumstances the best, the translators felt, they could do was to provide the nearest thing to the thought of the original of which the English language is capable, and when "the nearest thing" involved, as it often did, a free rendering of the text to forswear literalism and render freely. This has been done with admirable results and Bergson gives his blessing.

The content translated is extremely rich. Indeed, the book is tightly packed with ideas, most of which it is impossible even to mention in a short review. The fundamental concept of the *élan vital*, the fundamental distinction between intellect and instinct, reappear, but in a new guise and applied in a new way. Bergson is concerned with the difference between what he calls "closed morality" and "static religion" on the one hand, and "open morality" and "dynamic religion" on the other. The former are the conservative forces of a limited society; they represent the sum total of the influences which make for the formation and preservation of the social group. It is their pressure upon the individual which produces the sense of social duty and of moral obligation. Society, said Schopenhauer, is like a collection of hedgehogs driven together for the sake of warmth. "Closed morality" and "static religion" are the felt upon the spikes, enabling the hedgehogs to cohere without pricking. The habits which they engender are strong enough to survive even when the social pressure is removed: the felt, in fact, remains, even when there are no other hedgehogs, as when the Kipling Englishman dons evening dress for his solitary dinner in the jungle.

But, Bergson insists, the authority of this morality and this religion does not run outside the social group. It does not embrace mankind as such, and it does not explain the saints and the prophets who have loved mankind. The transition from "closed morality" and from "static religion" to "open morality" and "dynamic religion" is the transition from the parson to the prophet, from the bourgeois to the saint. The prophet and the saint are the vehicles of a direct inheritance from the *élan vital*. Their real contribution is the bringing of new ways of feeling into the life of the species. These ways of feeling are primarily "intuitive," although they may, and usually do, become codified by the intellect into moral codes and religious dogmas. Thus the closed society opens from time to time to absorb new infusions of intuitive morals and religion. Admittedly, it closes again, but it is changed and enriched by what it has absorbed. Thus, too, the intellect congeals the living flow of reality, and the outrageous inspirations of the seer are petrified in the respectable prayer books of the priest.

If a man has not read this book let him do so. Its thought is fresh and living, and there is all the old magic in the writing.

C. E. M. JOAD

NEW SHORT STORIES

The Room Opposite. By F. M. MAYOR. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Grammar of Love. By IVAN BUNIN. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.

Hundreds and Thousands. By EARDLEY BESWICK. *Grayson.* 7s. 6d.

Little Tales. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. *Secker.* 5s.

Six and Seven. By LORNA REA. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

The Maker of Signs. By WHIT BURNETT. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Threadbare Love. By OLGA MARIE JOHANNESSEN. *Bale and Danielsson.* 6s.

It is often said that publishers reject collections of short stories on the grounds that there is no demand for them. If they are thinking in terms of best-sellers, no doubt they are right; but luckily for those who like short stories, seven publishers have recently thought in other terms. There is, of course, some demand for anything sufficiently good of its kind. The trouble is that even those who do demand, hesitate to take a volume of short stories out of the lending-library for fear that they will get through it on their way home in the tube. Few of us have the strength of mind not to run through short stories so fast that they remain in the memory, if at all, stuck together like melted mixed chocolates. Some writers, however, and Miss F. M. Mayor and Ivan Bunin are among them, impose their own *tempo*, thus defeating our improvident haste.

The Room Opposite bears the sub-title *And Other Tales of Mystery and Imagination;* of the sixteen stories ten concern the supernatural. These belong to the leisurely, detailed kind, with which Dr. Montague James has stirred our hair; old letters, diaries, notebooks, play an important part, and the time is usually the eighteenth or early nineteenth century. Owing to Miss Mayor's sober, flexible prose these ten stories are extremely readable, but, alas, my hair was never stirred. The pleasure to be derived is of a different and more enduring kind, as nobody who recalls *The Rector's Daughter* will be surprised to learn; the pleasure of finding moods, both of man and nature, justly, insinuatingly, unflauntingly expressed. Thus, when the deserted park in *Miss de Mannering of Asham* is evoked in two quiet pages, the reader finds himself *there*—almost, it seems, without intervention from the writer, so pure a glass has the writer's mind become. And so when, in *Letters from Manningfield*, another Rector's daughter writes about village superstitions and her own single experience of the supernatural, we are delighted with her unconscious revelation of her character, her good sense, her sensibility: "I felt that hateful, unreasonable irritation one has when people cannot be well when one wants them to be well"; or: "Do you know that fear and ennui are connected? I found out that, when I was a child, and I am not sure that ennui—abysmal ennui—is not worse than fear."

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Grammar of Love begins with three trivial examples of Bunin's art. I advise the reader who buys this book to start with *A Night at Sea* where the spell begins to work—the spell, recalled by readers of *The Well of Days*, which consists in making familiar things strange, and, in stories with a setting strange to us, of making us recognise the underlying sameness in the springs of human nature. In *On the Great Road* a money-lender's daughter in a country district is revealed with astonishing perfection and apparent ease. The word Grammar in the title may to some suggest dryness; but the touch here is not dry. At his best Bunin's hold on the brush is so strong and controlled that he carries out his design with strokes both delicate and large.

Hundreds and Thousands, while being extremely unlike *The Room Opposite*, also includes tales of mystery. *The Silver Pyx* is a highly effective cameo, and the more ambitious *An Order for Bottles* is a notable success, because a few slips might have soused the reader in sentimentality or whimsicality, and there are no slips. Mr. Beswick confesses in a preface to a love of undue brevity; but what makes the total effect of his book slight is the way his attention centres on the superficial patterns into which life falls or can be made to fall, not on subtler patterns made by character cleaving its way through the universe. This focus of attention, and his interest in machinery, remind one of Kipling, although their idiom is quite different. Miss Boulton's wood-engravings are so full of individuality that they seem out of place as illustrations.

Little Tales by Lion Feuchtwanger, excellently translated by Mr. Basil Creighton, are surprisingly un-German, lucid and light. But for the unattractive binding which its pleasing jacket conceals, it is an elegant little volume. It would only last from Notting Hill Gate to Chancery Lane. Mrs. Rea's *Six and Seven* is another of the books one tends to rush through. The stories probably seemed better when they appeared in magazines. *Dr. and Mrs. Cook*, with its workmanlike portrait of a repellant woman putting the last straw upon her husband's back and so compassing her own doom is the solidest; it borrows added interest from the likeness of plot and difference of treatment between it and one of Miss Rebecca West's recent *nouvelles*. *The Maker of Signs*, the title story of Mr. Burnett's collection, has a flavour of the nineties and that gay (probably long defunct) San Francisco periodical *The Lark*; otherwise the stories are rather watered-down, less succinct Hemingway. The fault seems chiefly to lie in a want of precise visualisation: the tragic climax of *The Under Thing*, for instance, is muffed because it is not made clear whether the accident to the hunted victim of mob-psychology was accidental or inevitable. The first story of *Threadbare Love*, which seems to be the work of a South African writer, raised my hopes: it has a queer, earthy, unemphatic disagreeableness reminiscent of T. F. Powys, from which it seemed that, at any moment, a slow illumination might come. But Miss Johannessen's imagination, anyway narrow in scope, is handicapped by her incomplete command of the English tongue, so that the effect is not only monotonous but poor. The book has one of the most hideous covers I have seen for years.

E. B. C. JONES

SHORTER NOTICE

Social Credits or Socialism. By W. R. Hiskett. *Gollancz.* 5*s.*

It is perhaps too much to hope, at all events until world prosperity is in some measure re-established, that that hydra-headed nuisance the Douglas Credit Theory will ever be finally done away with. If reason alone could perform this feat it would have been achieved long ago, for the egregious Major has never had a logical leg to stand on. If, however, reason combined with brevity, wit and the most evident and scrupulous fairness count for anything, Mr. W. R. Hiskett's little book should satisfy as many as it reaches. By the time he has let Major Douglas and his interlocutors, the Macmillan Committee, speak for themselves, has analysed his evidence answer by answer, and has surveyed his theoretical assumptions by the light of first principles, there is not much left that anyone can say in defence of consumers' credits.

It is a pity that Mr. Hiskett should then feel impelled to go on and endeavour to sketch for his readers, in an impossibly short last chapter, his version of a constructive Socialist alternative. His diagnosis of the troubles with which both he and Major Douglas are concerned follows the very crudest and woolliest under-consumptionist pattern, which it is strange to find upheld by an appreciative reader of Mr. E. F. M. Durbin's *Purchasing Power and Trade Depression*. His remedies, whether connected with banking policy, nationalisation, or inheritance taxes, are far, far too sketchy; as they stand they offer an all too easy mark for any critic. Mr. Hiskett should have reserved them for a separate volume, and applied to them that same brilliant and painstaking critical faculty which is so much in evidence in the main part of his book.

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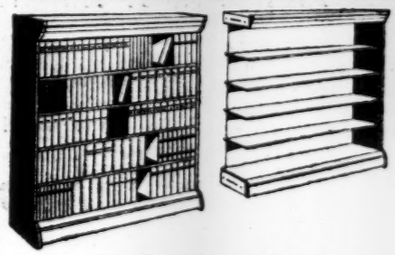

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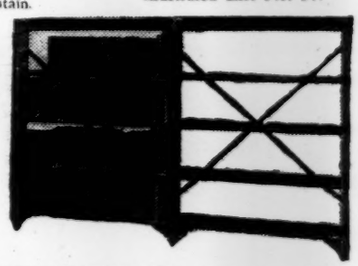

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A Modern History of Europe 1046–1918. Ed. by J. HAMPDEN JACKSON. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.* (or 4 parts, 3*s.* 6*d.* each).

The Post-War World. A Short Political History 1918–1934. By J. HAMPDEN JACKSON. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

A book which wears its purpose on its jacket is like a man who wears his heart upon his sleeve; one is impelled to wonder whether the heart is really what it purports to be. The object of these two books is announced upon their dust-covers. The first purports to "tell the history of Europe during the last nine centuries from the standpoint of the post-war generation," the second to meet a desideratum recently set forth by THE NEW STATESMAN as follows: "To be educated as a citizen is to have in one's mind a working sketch-map of the world one lives in, to have a general notion of where one stands in relation to the historical, economic and sociological processes going on around one."

Of the two books the second fulfils its purpose. Wherever Mr. Hampden Jackson's heart may be, his head is on his shoulders. He gives a thoroughly businesslike, comprehensive and objective outline of world history during the last sixteen years. He does not obtrude his own political opinions and he passes few judgments. "Here are the facts," he says in effect, "think of them what you will." It is a feat to have been so successful in evading the tendentious and to have produced such a well-balanced account of the political and economic events of the post-war period. Both the general reader and the school library will find the book a useful one.

The first book, under Mr. Hampden Jackson's editorship, is the work of four authors; Book I, the Middle Ages, is by Mr. Oliver Welch; Book II, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by Mr. Gordon Walker; Book III, the eighteenth century and the Revolution, by Mr. H. E. Howard; and Book IV, the nineteenth century and the world war, by Mr. Pennethorne Hughes. These writers had a much more difficult task, for the length of the period which they had to cover imposed upon them a more rigid task of selection. What is history from the standpoint of the post-war generation? If the phrase means anything, it means history which will illumine the questions which the post-war generation is asking and explain the world in which it is living, which will, in fact, assist in the education of the citizen as it is defined above. Every historian is bound to make a selection of historical facts, since it is manifestly impossible to treat them all; and every historian is bound to make a selection which will answer certain questions, since no other principle of selection exists. But the difficulty is that historians are such creatures of convention that they frequently persist in asking questions which were burning in the time of their grandfathers but in which their own generation has ceased to be interested. The average historian considers himself to have made a contribution to history if he finds new facts; but the trouble is that there are far too many facts already and what is wanted is historians who will find new questions to put to the old facts. History which does not ask either questions of permanent importance, or those in which the present generation is interested, is little more than antiquarianism, except when it is literature and that—heaven knows—is rare.

What is this Europe of the post-war generation? It appears to have four outstanding characteristics: it is a political system of great states; it is a capitalist society; it is so closely interlocked with Asia, Africa and America in a world economy that it is impossible to treat it in isolation; and it is mentally and physically dominated by science. The problem of the contemporary historian is to explain this Europe by tracing its genesis. Leaving aside, for a moment, the section on the Middle Ages, how far do the three modern sections of the book under review provide this explanation? In the reviewer's opinion only one of the four themes suggested above receives adequate treatment, viz., the rise and enmities of states and the political history in general. But this is precisely the theme which would have been treated in pre-war text-books. There is an obvious intention to deal with the second theme, but the only one of the three authors to succeed is Mr. Gordon Walker. The third and fourth themes are largely neglected.

Consider the section on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which is the best, and the best written, of the three. Mr. Gordon Walker makes a serious, and on the whole a successful, attempt to analyse the early stages of the growth of capitalism and to integrate it with the political and religious history of the time. His treatment of the religious struggles is excellent, the best account within text-book limits known to the reviewer. But there is only one chapter on the expansion of Europe; "the discoveries began the Europeanisation of the world," says the author, laying his finger on the theme; but he drops it with the end of the sixteenth century and it never reappears until the nineteenth. The rise of modern science (surely *the* great movement of the seventeenth century) receives only a few paragraphs at the end. Ten out of the fifteen chapters devoted to the period are occupied by wars; the futile Thirty Years War, which, from the point of view of its relevance to questions of permanent importance, let alone to those asked by the modern generation, might have gone into half a dozen pages, sprawls over the better part of three chapters. It is, of course, the historian's business to record war and above all to lay bare its causes with his surgeon's knife. But man's constructive are as worthy of understanding as his destructive activities, and there does seem to be a serious want of proportion in the space devoted respectively to the Thirty Years War and to the rise of science.

The last two sections are frankly disappointing. The political history is adequately treated in both and there are good chapters on the French Revolution and the intellectual movements which accompanied it. But here again the better part of nine out of fifteen chapters is devoted to wars. The theme of the Europeanisation of the world is not treated at all, so far as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are concerned; it becomes clear in the nineteenth century that the world is Europe's stage, but how, and why? The rise of modern science drops completely, except for a perfunctory paragraph. Worse still, the whole social and economic development is inadequately treated. But for the fact that rather more space is devoted to it in the nineteenth century section (in the eighteenth century section it is represented by a few paragraphs only) it receives much the same treatment that it received in the text-books in use when the reviewer was at school, a generation ago. It is little more than a "background" to the political history and there is no attempt at a real structural analysis of the development of modern industrial society, such as the author devotes to the development of the modern political system. Far too much space is taken up with "social" history of the sort which tells us that "dinner, which in earlier times all classes had eaten about 2.30 p.m., was growing later for the upper classes and earlier for the working ones. Men in England were still clean-shaven, except in the army, but were beginning to wear whiskers. Women were not yet wearing the crinoline." This is simply our old dull friend, the chapter on "manners and customs," brightened with a little of Mr. Guedalla's globe polish. What help is it to an understanding of the post-war world?

There remains to be considered the section on the Middle Ages, and it is by no means unimportant, for while the history of the modern period serves to explain the Europe of the Great War, that of the mediaeval period is strictly relevant to the interests of post-war Europe. To the man in the street (especially in Fleet Street), who uses "mediaeval" as a synonym for "unenlightened" or "out of date," this may seem a dark saying; but the fact remains that while the years between 1494 and 1914 gave us the scaffolding of our political and social environment, they have little relation to our design for living, as it begins to emerge. To that design there is no real parallel except in the Middle Ages. The design of mediaeval society was twofold. In the first place it was based on unity, a unity expressed in a universal church, a cosmopolitan culture and a horizontally graded society; moreover, this larger unity was combined with the practical sovereignty of a number of local and functional institutions. It is true that the form in which these ideas and conditions expressed themselves—Holy Roman Empire, Latin language, monastic and knightly orders, gilds and manors—are all fancy dress to the youth of to-day. But look at the modernity of the conceptions, sometimes of the actual conditions, inside the fancy dress. Are we not familiar with them in the new trappings of a League of Nations, of the international solidarity of classes, of a unity of culture (based on economics and science, instead of on religion and letters), of the corporative state and the idea of multiple sovereignty? The second element in the mediaeval design was the control of economic appetites by a social purpose; again the Canonist doctrine is fancy dress, but the design is to be found behind modern creeds as different as Fascism, Communism and R. H. Tawney's *Acquisitive Society*. None of the mediaeval clothes will fit us, but inside them is something which is relevant to the problems of the post-war generation and it is the business of the post-war historian to explain the underlying design, to show why it took the shape it did in the Middle Ages, and why in practice it failed. In this business Mr. Welch is, on the whole, successful.

He gives less space than the other authors to war and politics and more to a description of mediaeval society and culture, and he concerns himself particularly with aspects of mediaeval unity. There is much in his section which answers questions in which the post-war generation is interested.

In general, then, this book is a brave effort to do something which needed doing, but it cannot be said to be successful. This is not to say that it is a bad book; it is probably as good as any text-book on the market and better than most. But it is not a modern history of Europe, in the sense of being a well-balanced selection of facts which will explain the genesis of the post-war world. Too much of it is the old drum and trumpet history, though the authors are entirely free from militaristic and nationalistic prejudices; they do not toot upon the trumpets, but they give too much space to them, because they have been unable to shake off the conventions of pre-war text-book history. If I were a schoolmaster I should adopt Parts I and II without hesitation, though I should prevail upon the publisher to give Mr. Gordon Walker two more chapters, one for the expansion of Europe in the seventeenth century and one for the rise of science. But I should be much more hesitant about adopting Parts III and IV.

EILEEN POWER

NEW NOVELS

Doubtful Joy. By ELIZABETH JENKINS. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
The Unpossessed. By TESS SLESINGER. *Barker.* 7s. 6d.
Dusk at the Grove. By SAMUEL ROGERS. *Hurst and Blackett.* 7s. 6d.
Shining and Free. By G. B. STERN. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
The Shipbuilders. By GEORGE BLAKE. *Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.
Landtakers. By BRIAN PENTON. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

Rather more than a year ago, Miss Elizabeth Jenkins produced a remarkably good book. Founded on the horrid story revealed at the Penge Murder Trial, *Harriet* was interesting both as a reconstruction of the circumstances that precipitated a peculiarly cold-blooded and atrocious crime, and as a work of imaginative literature. It was with the liveliest expectations, then, that I turned to her new novel, *Doubtful Joy*; and it is with the greatest perplexity that I am obliged to record that, while *Harriet* was unsentimental, matter-of-fact, shrewd, *Doubtful Joy* is entirely devoid of these admirable qualities. For *Doubtful Joy* belongs to a feminine dreamland. In the opening chapters, Miss Jenkins makes some effort to envisage her heroine, Lily Macmillan, from a dispassionate and external point of view; but that effort—never very strenuous—soon breaks down. Lily, delicate, exquisite, fair-haired—a young woman who supplements her small income by teaching every morning at an extremely select and enlightened London girls' school—meets Lionel Ackerly, a fascinating middle-aged man, nearer fifty than forty, "tall, broad and gaunt, with a tanned skin, a great thrusting jaw and eyes like planets." His head, we are further informed, "had the alert poise of a wild animal," and (to complete the picture) "his movements . . . the easy gentleness of the man who is so strong that he does not need to exert himself. . . ."

Is it surprising that little Lily, confronted by this extraordinarily accurate embodiment of the feminine *feuilleton*-writer's Ideal Man, falls wildly in love?—head over heels, one would say, were it not impossible to associate Miss Macmillan with any but the most strictly horizontal posture. Lionel—known as "Lion" by his friends—is enamoured of Jasmin Fenner, a beautiful and glamorous, but unusually virginal, mannequin; and it is not until Jasmin gets a chance of going on to the stage, that Lion recognises Lily as the great love of his life. The closing chapters are concerned with Lily's intimate wretchedness, faced by the prospect of making another woman miserable.

If it is difficult to believe in the virtuous English middlebrows described by Miss Jenkins, it is even more difficult to stomach the promiscuous American highbrows, among whom Miss Tess Slesinger lays the scene of her diffuse and erratic novel, *The Unpossessed*. Dedicated "to my contemporaries," this is a story, written in a hotch-potch of contemporary styles, that depicts the vicissitudes of a young married couple, at odds with the universe, the economic situation and—most important—with one another. The husband is a bad case of inherited conscience. Brought up amid the savage puritanism of a New England farm, he distrusts happiness and feels an instinctive need to suffer:

> . . . Comfort was salt to his wounds. He had been reared to expect just punishment from an angry God; then God was mercilessly withdrawn and since then nothing adequate supplied. In punishment one found the final solace; in repentance the blessing of convalescence, return to grace. All his life women (his aunts, his frightened mother, now Margaret) had come to him stupidly offering comfort, offering love; handing him sticks of candy when his soul demanded God; and all of his life he had staved them off, put them off, despising their credulity, their single-mindedness, their unreasoning belief that on their bosoms lay peace.

Miles supplies one of the more interesting portraits in an interesting but, on the whole, not very convincing book. Here and there, as in her account of Margaret's abortive attempt to be unfaithful to Miles behind a kitchen door, Miss Slesinger writes very well indeed; but she will never trust her knack for direct story-telling. The result is a broken and disjointed narrative, that entertains, surprises and annoys by turns.

"'I am something of a lone wolf,' he murmured suddenly." This remark, which occurs in the middle of the embrace behind the kitchen door, exasperates Margaret and sets the reader thinking of one of those inimitable caricatures by Mr. James Thurber. No, *The Unpossessed* is not a very satisfactory book; and it was with some relief that I turned to Mr. Samuel Rogers' *Dusk at the Grove*, a placid, if pessimistic, study of American family life from June, 1909, to September, 1931. When the narrative begins, the young Warings are still children; when it concludes, Mrs. Waring is dead, her daughter has been married for several years to a man she does not love, while Dicky's wife has driven him to drink and suicide. In spite of the fact that it gained a large cash prize and was chosen among no less than one thousand three hundred and forty rival manuscripts, *Dusk at the Grove* is a well-written, intelligent and, now and then, exceedingly moving novel. Year after year, the Warings return to their seaside house, The Grove, and year after year we watch them change. Every year they lose a shade of their primitive charm. But Mr. Rogers—more sensible than Miss Slesinger—puts it down to his characters themselves, and not to the period.

Some fictitious personages are an unconscionable time in dying; and having read *Shining and Free* by Miss G. B. Stern, sub-titled *A Day in the Life of the Matriarch*, I feel that a literary dictator, would be well advised to set an age-limit for all characters created by popular novelists of the time. Not one of them should survive the age of seventy; and no book should be prefaced by an extensive genealogical tree of the kind popularised (I imagine) by that inveterate genealogy-monger, Mr. Hugh Walpole. It does not help my understanding of Anastasia Rakonitz, now eighty-eight years old, to learn that she is descended from Simon Rakonitz, *b.* 1776, and Babette Weinberg, *b.* 1791, when her present-day antics bore me to tears. Let us hope that the latest illness will be her last; and that Miss Stern will make haste to erect a gravestone.

Nor am I particularly anxious that Leslie Pagan, although—ominous sign!—he has already begotten a son, should found a family to trouble the leisure of readers and reviewers through the next five or six generations. *The Shipbuilders* is a profoundly disturbing book—disturbing not because it deals with depression and unemployment, but because it describes types of employer and employee calculated, more than all others, to incite the bitterest and most sanguinary forms of class-hatred. Danny Shields, Clydeside riveter, is a British workman after the capitalist's own heart. He can never forget that he and his boss, Leslie Pagan, once served in the same regiment; and the mere mention of his war-service is enough to send Danny into a snuffle of easy tears:

> "Sir ——" Danny began, blundering, "you've been a toff——"
> "Oh, don't try it, man," the doctor said, squeezing his arm above the elbow. "Just take it that it's between two old soldiers. You understand."
> "Old soldiers, sir!" Danny cried happily, then gulped.
> As if it were second nature, he drew his heels together with a click and brought his hand up to the peak of his tweed cap and back to his thigh with the swagger of a Guardsman on parade.

Even Mr. Beverley Nichols, at home in Allways, could not have contrived a more exquisitely embarassing scene.

It would be an injustice, however, to Mr. George Blake's otherwise readable and absorbing book to suggest that it had to do exclusively with loyal but lachrymose unemployed, and well-meaning but henpecked owners of shipyards. The panorama of Glasgow, that "fierce, hopeless, ugly, endlessly interesting city," is extraordinarily good; and it is only when Mr. Blake attempts to bring the classes into contact that his touch becomes sentimental and unsure. Mr. Blake loves Glasgow, though he hates it; just as Mr. Penton loves yet hates the Australian background. *Landtakers* is often crude and melodramatic; but it has a vitality seldom found in historical novels.

PETER QUENNELL

EINSTEIN THE HUMANIST

The World As I See It. By ALBERT EINSTEIN. Translated by ALAN HARRIS. *Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Most of us have tried to catch a glimpse before now of the world as Einstein saw it. It was a difficult vision of the difference between events as seen by a man in a railway carriage and a man on the embankment as the train went by. That world of Einstein's did not touch our lives, our bread, our faiths. The train and the embankment were only toys given by a master of scientific thought for duller minds to play with. But since then there has been an accident to another train, the train of human relationships. It has spilt us all out on the embankment, and Einstein too is a casualty. The world of this book is for the most part the confusion of economic breakdown, war, and the curtailment of liberty as it appears to a master of the ordered world of physical speculation. It is an adroit selection, very skilfully translated, of Einstein's miscellaneous writings and addresses. People will read it because they want to know what a celebrated man thinks about matters of which he speaks with no particular authority. But it also raises an interesting question about the powerlessness of great men to-day to influence the course of affairs. Hitler rules in Germany: Einstein is dispossessed and vilified by his power. Is there any evidence in this book of particular light and guidance from Einstein in the sphere of Hitler's power? Are Einstein's opinions interesting only because they are Einstein's, or have they a larger validity?

This is difficult to answer because one approaches the book via a reproduction of Epstein's bust, with its profound impression of innocence and wonder, and via, too, one's knowledge that the author is a German Jew of extraordinary moral courage who has made the greatest advance in mathematical physics since Newton. The odds against detachment are great, and are increased by the arrangement of the material which is the commonsense but unfortunate one of keeping the deep end (the scientific section) till last. One therefore graduates in the author's personality from the amateur and tentative to the masterly and conclusive, and most of the clues to the intellectual climate of the first part of the book are hidden away at its difficult end. Most readers will, however, get as far as a brief address on the principles of scientific research which, beautiful in itself, defines with tragic precision the discontinuity between the two halves of the book and the complex of Einstein's personality and career:

> I believe with Schopenhauer that one of the strongest motives that lead men to art and science is escape from everyday life with its painful crudity and hopeless dreariness, from the fetters of one's own ever-shifting desires. . . . Man tries to make for himself in the way that suits him best a simplified and intelligible picture of the world and thus to overcome the world of experience for which he tries to some extent to substitute this cosmos of his. This is what the painter, the poet, the speculative philosopher and the natural scientist do, each in his own fashion. He makes this cosmos and its construction the pivot of his emotional life, in order to find in this way the peace and security which he cannot find in the narrow whirlpool of personal experience.

If I had read this book in ignorance of its authorship, I should still have thought its observations on the relations of human beings, as apart from the relation of physical events, the work of a noble mind. Here is a defender of human personality against the herd, of democracy against dictatorship, of liberty against force, of internationalism against nationalism, of culture and the ordered beauty of the physical world against the anarchy of war. What Einstein says on any of these subjects has been said more fully by scores of publicists of the Left. His analysis of the general situation as produced by the advance of technical power beyond moral control and political organisation follows commonplace lines. His economics are slight; he nowhere touches on the Marxian analysis, or considers the Russian experiment in any detail. He poses the familiar dilemma between security and disarmament, and as an extreme pacifist enjoins the duty of individual resistance to compulsory military service. There is nothing very new in all this. Einstein's impacts with this order of reality are scattered and unco-ordinated. But wherever he strikes, peculiar light and heat are generated:

> The ordinary objects of human endeavour—property, outward success, luxury—have always seemed to me contemptible.
>
> My political ideal is that of democracy. Let every man be respected as an individual and no man idolised. It is an irony of fate that I myself have been the recipient of excessive admiration and respect from my fellows through no fault, and no merit, of my own. . . .
>
> The really valuable thing in the pageant of human life seems to me not the State but the creative, sentient individual, the personality; it alone creates the noble and the sublime, while the herd as such remains dull in thought and dull in feeling. . . .
>
> . . . . that worst outcrop of the herd nature, the military system, which I abhor.
>
> That a man can take pleasure in marching in formation to the strains of a band is enough to make me despise him. He has only been given his big brain by mistake; a backbone was all he needed. This plague-spot of civilisation ought to be abolished with all possible speed. Heroism by order, senseless violence and all the pestilent nonsense that goes by the name of patriotism—how I hate them! War seems to me a mean, contemptible thing: I would rather be hacked in pieces than take part in such an abominable business. . . .
>
> The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true art and true science. He who knows it not and can no longer wonder, no longer feel amazement, is as good as dead. . . . The scientist is possessed by the sense of universal causation. . . . His religious feeling takes the form of a rapturous amazement at the harmony of natural law, which reveals an intelligence of such superiority that, compared with it, all the systematic thinking and acting of human beings is an utterly insignificant reflection. This feeling is . . . beyond question closely akin to that which has possessed the religious geniuses of all ages. . . .
>
> As long as I have my choice, I will only stay in a country where political liberty, toleration and equality of all citizens before the law are the rule.

There is a remarkable emotional force behind these utterances. The mind which has spent itself in unifying the laws of physics recoils from the infinitude of variables in the human scene. But its penetrative power emerges in its selection of points for attack and in the cleanness of its thrust. No doubt this book is much too simple and uncompromising for contemporary politics. It has no message except the optimism of an individual mind which preserves its integrity against the utmost brutality of circumstance. There are no personal repinings in it. Readers will turn with a natural curiosity to the section called "Germany 1933." They will find nothing there except Einstein's manifesto and the correspondence (here printed in full for the first time) between him and the Prussian and Bavarian Academies of Science on the occasion of his resignation. That is, they will find nothing but the clearest possible picture of the conflict between Nazidom and the good which it exists to destroy.

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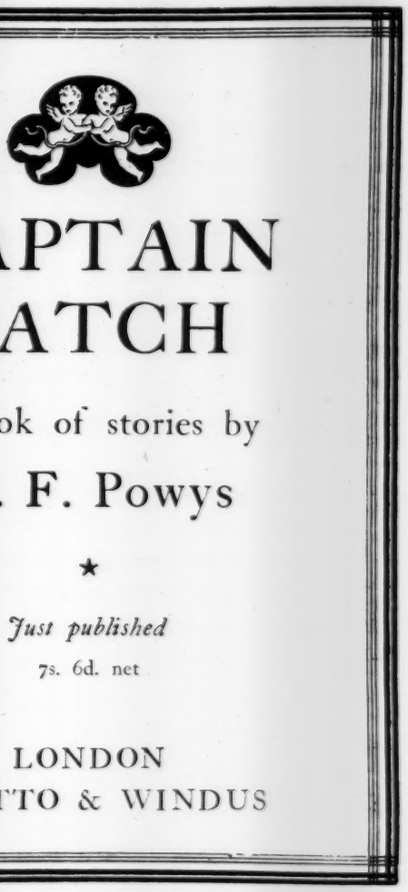

MAKING LONDON

The Growth of Stuart London. By NORMAN G. BRETT-JAMES. *Allen and Unwin.* 25s.

Because England is a small country, London is more England than is Paris France, or New York America. Those two capitals are regarded by the rest of their countries with suspicion and even dislike, and as a result their inhabitants view them with exaggerated pride. The Londoner grumbles about his city to a far greater extent than do the English in general. To the latter it is still a place in which they have a share; not a little opposed nation within a nation. Thus it is as much for home consumption as for the tourist visitors, to whom we offer but few amenities, that London books are common objects of each successive publishing season; and the demand for them is so consistent that they usually represent the worst kind of book-making.

Leigh Hunt's *The Town*, Thornbury and Walford's *Haunted London*, Augustus Hare's admirable *Walks in London*, and Wheatley's book on Piccadilly and Mayfair are pillaged, usually without acknowledgment, over and over again; chunks of quotation from Stow and Defoe are liberally compounded with the patchwork. Original research, despite the mine of untouched documents available, is sadly lacking as regards London history viewed on a comprehensive scale. Good local work is often done, as far as the collection of facts is concerned, but as a rule it is rarely presented with grace. The Rev. Mr. Birch's little book on his parish, Limehouse, is a model unfortunately in need of imitators. But now, thoroughly and yet on broad lines, Mr. Brett-James has produced a volume really worthy of the traditions of Stow.

It is a book of conscientious, foolproof research. The ten years which the author has spent on it, with no hurry to catch the spring or autumn publishers' lists, have resulted in a monument that is likely to survive. The writing is swift and altogether readable. With Mr. W. G. Bell's works on Fleet Street, the Plague and the Great Fire, this is the best book on London that has appeared for a long time. But the author would be the first to admit that he has been enormously helped by his subject. Dealing with a turning-point in the city's history, it brings its own excitement, its sense of vivid colour and dynamic rhythm, while beyond its particular aspect it is a mass-tragedy of frustration.

It is the story of an attempt to bring order from chaos, with everything in its favour, yet modern London is a witness to its failure. Ironically, the background is one of continuous prosperity, and this very prosperity, in this first conscious effort at town-planning, thwarted its own ends. Material conditions, even the Great Fire, all should have helped. Spanish rivalry on sea had been mortally wounded, the competition of Antwerp with London as a port had been so considerably weakened, that the latter was now the first mercantile and commercial city in the world, and, as King James I said, it was changing "from sticks to bricks."

But expansion was too fast, and lack of co-ordination rendered negative most of the benefit that ought to have come from the change. Probably the incurably slipshod optimism of the cockney, who was already crystallised into a definite species, had also a good deal to do with the fine efforts towards reconstruction resulting directly in the metropolitan muddle of to-day. For by Stuart times the Elizabethan "humours" and the pure ore of passion had been smudged by Puritanism into their present admixture of bogus good fellowship, declining easily into the snivel, though never real tears, quick to sentimental impulse which rapidly tires and is replaced by the nihilism of cynical irresponsibility. The false fervour of Puritanism, warring with logic and instinct, made an indelible imprint on the London temperament, creating a character ill-adapted for the construction, in terms of stone and hygiene, of a city.

District by district Mr. Brett-James pursues his even, fascinating course, showing the sporadic effort towards town-planning cropping up all over the metropolitan area. The small success which ultimately emerged may be judged by the fact that the problems then coped with remain the same to-day. Slums, bad building and poor sanitation remain, along with traffic congestion, not only in those parts of London which have since grown up, but especially where the Stuart experiments were made. With the want of any wide corporative control, private interests impeded local progress, and conflicting authorities hindered each other's operations. They are the identical obstacles which exist to-day.

The plans of the Restoration reformers are one of the most interesting chapters of the book. Evelyn, with his devotion to gardens and his hatred of the "hellish and dismal cloud of sea-coal" which blighted his plants, advocated a system of parks, the forerunner of the modern project for a "green belt." Petty, the father of statistics, horrified by the city's bills of mortality, wanted a central authority, which should operate like one man, "who had ready money enough to carry on the work, together with a legislative power to cut all knots"; for him, administration was the chief solution. Barbon, the son of Praisegod Barebone, was a practical improver, a speculative builder, whose contribution took the form of diverting an overcrowded population towards the Bloomsbury area. The street-conformation which he laid down on the scene of his main activities shows that he had perhaps the acutest grasp of the problems to be met.

The most tangible symbol of these problems is furnished by Mr. Brett-James's excerpts from the bills of mortality for London in the sixteen-twenties. The annual average of causes of decease amounted to sixty-two, including such terrifying items as burst, wolf, mouldshot, purples, blasted and planet. But as a welcome contrast are the lists of flowers recommended by Evelyn and Dasent for London cultivation. The former's bugbear, sea-coal, prevented any roses excepting the Guelder and Provence varieties, but to compensate, he gives such flowering shrubs as lilac, laburnum, brown scorpion, bladder senna and cytissus, which "do well in some little courts or gardens in Lincoln's Inn fields."

Thus Stuart London was a city of confused variety, of death and flowers, demolition and reconstruction. It need hardly be said that this book, with its wealth of detail and breadth of surveys, will be indispensable to historical novelists of the period, while possessors of L.C.C. franchise will improve their sense of tolerance by its perusal. For it brings the curious consolation which comes from knowing that the mistakes of the present have already been made in the past.

T. W. EARP

REVOLUTIONARY THEORY

The State in Theory and Practice. By H. J. LASKI. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Professor Laski deals with political theory, not with politics; he is concerned with the nature of the State, not with party strategy or election programmes. But his book is an important contribution to current politics, just as the theoretical works of Locke, Paine, Bentham, the Mills and Bagehot were all contributions to current politics as well as to the permanent literature of political philosophy. Mr. Laski is least good when most abstract, and his defects as a philosopher and writer are most apparent in his first chapter on the Philosophic Theory of the State. In any case, L. T. Hobhouse, who was a better logician than Mr. Laski, had already made so complete a wreck of this theory as expounded by Bosanquet that he left comparatively little for anyone else to do. Mr. Laski becomes brilliant in his second long chapter. It is an analysis of the State as it is to-day, not as Hegelians would like to imagine it. Mr. Laski here draws on a field of study and a knowledge of the actual working of law in many countries such as few of his predecessors and none of his British contemporaries can rival. I admire particularly his summary of the career of the United States Supreme Court; he could have found no better or neater illustration of the way in which a court, which is theoretically above the battle administering a fundamental law, has perforce adjusted its decisions to the exigencies of political change. Mr. Laski's general thesis is that the State is the coercive power at the command of the class which owns the sources of production. He shows how in one country after another this power has been used in an emergency at the expense of legality, how the rules which the State has laid down for itself have been set aside whenever the relations of the classes which the State regulates are seriously challenged. In Fascist States a new set of rules has been made or all rules destroyed. The question is whether the rules are securely guaranteed in any capitalist democracy. Macaulay, as Mr. Laski reminds us, saw that the popular franchise threatened the whole fabric of the State because if political power was put into the hands of the masses they would someday wish to change the economic system which denied them access to the means of production or a fair share of the goods produced. In time, therefore, capitalist democracy is faced with a crisis in which either the capitalism or the democracy goes. According to Liberal theory, democracy should be able to change capitalism: the test is whether, when the time comes, the State is found in

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fact to be a political instrument which democracy can use for a peaceful change of the economic structure or whether, as Marx asserted, the State is in effect the instrument of property owners who will forcibly resist rather than surrender power. After discussing recent phases of the battle of property in the United States, in Austria, in Germany and elsewhere, Mr. Laski turns to the international side and argues that here, too, those who control the State have shown that they are incapable of surrendering power. For Sovereignty is only the external expression of their final right to the ownership of the property which it is the State's business to protect. In his fourth and final chapter Mr. Laski discusses the implications of this pessimistic diagnosis and decides that it is almost, if not quite, impossible for Social Democracy to win its battle within the constitutional framework, while at the same time it is quite impossible for it to win by the use of force except as the aftermath of an unsuccessful war or as a result of the disillusion which the bourgeoisie may experience when a dictatorship it has set up fails hopelessly to deliver the goods.

What follows? Mr. Laski's task is diagnostic, not practical, and he does not tell us what to do in our dilemma. He has already commented in passing on several possible solutions. There is the suggestion that if Labour cannot win without the support of Liberalism it should seek an alliance to secure electoral victory. Mr. Laski writes of a Labour party which made this attempt in England:

> Unless, after its assumption of office, there was a rapid economic recovery, it would not be in a position to embark upon any large schemes of social reform; for the cost of these would quickly lead to a position similar to that which led to its defeat in 1931. If Labour, in fact, is to work the capitalist system, it must frankly accept the assumptions of capitalism; and it is inherent in them that the State cannot embark upon costly reforms in an epoch of commercial depression. It is difficult to see how such a government could long retain the confidence of its supporters, since the conditions it confronted would prevent the realisation of the purposes for which it won power.

And, as he shows later, exactly the same problem exists when there is no alliance in question: in a period of economic depression a Labour party is forced to lose its support and *raison d'être* by carrying out a policy which its opponents could carry out better or to attempt a policy which will destroy the economic system in which it is working. The path of wisdom, he argues, is certainly to pay any price you can to buy the acceptance of capitalists in transforming capitalism. But he fears that the only price they will accept is one that defeats your efforts at transformation.

All this has been said before, though seldom with such vigour and such a wealth of convincing illustration. And it is something of a novelty in this country to have such conclusions stated against a background of clearly realised political philosophy. The conclusion that follows from Professor Laski's book is that a successful Socialism must be a revolutionary Socialism. It is not by any means that it must follow the disastrous paths of Continental communism. The book that the British Socialist now needs will begin where Mr. Laski breaks off. The need, in his view, is for a determined and revolutionary party and he sees that it must be middle-class as well as proletarian. What is the strategy and what are the tactics for a battle based on these assumptions?

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BEECHERDOM

Saints, Sinners and Beechers. By LYMAN BEECHER STOWE. *Nicholson and Watson.* 12s. 6d.

Nineteenth-century America could hardly boast a family bigger and better than the Beechers. They were not predatory dynasts, like the Vanderbilts or Goulds or Rockefellers; they were not aristocrats, like the Lodges or Adams; but they were just as much of a public family, a coherent institution working its will within the social structure. The Beechers were numerous, their talents were varied, their piety was alarmingly dynamic. They deserved to be painted in the family group which Mr. Beecher Stowe has here elaborately constructed.

Their progenitor, John, came to New England from Kent in 1637. But the Beecher who first stands out from a line of blacksmiths was Lyman, who was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1775, and became a preacher and theologian of note in the young Middle West. His Presbyterianism was tempered by a liberalism which landed him in a trial for heresy, his dyspepsia by an innate vitality which enabled him to span, within his own life, the War of Independence and the Civil War. But Lyman's long career, even his once-famous sermons *On the Nature, Occasions, Signs, Evils and Remedy for Intemperance*, are overshadowed by the fact that he was the father of Harriet Beecher Stowe, of Henry Ward Beecher, and of nine other Beechers, nearly every one of whom had a pulpit, a platform or a pen. Obscurity was glaringly conspicuous in this family: the most startling figure in the whole group is that of Mary, of whom nothing at all can be recorded except that she married happily and lived to be ninety-five.

The story of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is fairly familiar. But it is well worth rereading in the chapters which her grandson here devotes to it: one is left wondering, doubtfully, whether this phenomenon in literary history can ever repeat itself. A few years ago plenty of people were acclaiming *All Quiet on the Western Front* as its spiritual successor, the book which would readjust the conscience of mankind towards the evil of war. It might have. It had much the same blend of truth and distortion as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had. But is Remarque read now?

Less familiar to non-American readers is the picture of her younger brother, Henry Ward Beecher (1813–1887). If he had not been born into Beecherdom, with its enveloping Geneva bands, Henry might clearly have become one of the more conspicuous Presidents of the United States—or at least another Bryan. A lay career, especially if its lines had run through the politics of the 'fifties and 'sixties, would have toughened the texture of his mind, and would certainly have given freer play to qualities of personality which, even making all allowances, were anomalous in a Presbyterian preacher. Like Harriet, he played a considerable part in shaping the mental attitude of the North before and during the Civil War. Nor should his extraordinary oratorical tour of England and Scotland in 1863 be overlooked: Wendell Holmes was not far wrong in describing it as "a more remarkable embassy than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Franklin pleaded the cause of the young Republic." In his personal life, of course, the outstanding dramatic event was the tenebrous affair of the Tiltons, which overtook him at the height of his popularity as a preacher. Its complexities are

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dull, and certainly Beecher was fully vindicated by his own exacting followers. Even the eminent counsel briefed for his accusers repented in later years the cause they had argued. And as for Tilton, the supposedly injured husband, he "drifted to Paris as a hack writer and literary odd-job man in the American colony of the Latin quarter"—and to what deeper Hell could a foe of virtue be consigned? HAMISH MILES

GARIBALDI

Garibaldi—The Man and the Nation. By PAUL FRISCHAUER. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 18*s.*

This is a picturesque expansive book which can be read with pleasure as a romance, but with little except exasperation as biography or history. Mr. Frischauer is entirely devoid of an interest in dates. He lets slip the dates of Garibaldi's birth and death, but for most of the intervening dates the reader will have to rely on his knowledge of European history in the nineteenth century, and may reasonably object to having to work out how old Garibaldi was when he was being shipwrecked or tortured in South America, by a rough calculation of the time which had elapsed since he had heard this or that item of political news from his European correspondents. With this carelessness about dates goes an equal carelessness about the extremely complicated politics of Italy during Garibaldi's career. Garibaldi suffers in comparison with other great adventurers because of the difficulty the ordinary reader has in forming a clear conception of his setting. Pizarro in Peru, Cortes in Mexico, Clive in India are simple ideas. But Garibaldi, now in the north of Italy skirmishing round the Italian Lakes, now in Sicily seizing Palermo, now taken prisoner as he marches on Rome, and almost immediately released, requires to have his background sketched with the utmost care and lucidity. To explain Garibaldi to the English is as difficult as it would be to explain Cromwell to an Italian if sixteenth-century England had been divided between the Scotch and the French, and Cromwell, although a keen Republican, had facilitated the return of Charles to London by capturing the Isle of Wight and Bristol and laying the Border waste.

The character of Garibaldi emerges far more clearly in these pages than the circumstances in which he worked, but this is due rather to the extreme simplicity of his character than to Mr. Frischauer's skill. Mr. Frischauer's view of Garibaldi is too theatrical. He quotes with approval a sentimental French writer who sums up Garibaldi in these terms: "He stood alone; he was poor, without either rights or privileges. Yet he possessed the secret of arousing peoples, raising improvised armies, finding millions, upsetting the whole world; and all without the slightest suggestion of craftiness, without plotting, without secrecy, in front of the whole world—his eyes and fingers ever directed to the goal of his dreams." This picture of a single-minded patriot is contradicted by Mr. Frischauer himself, when he records that Garibaldi could not understand his life as he looked back over it in his old age. Sitting over his memoirs, trying to make clear to himself why he had gone to South America and why he had returned to Europe, Garibaldi took refuge in flights of platitudinous rhetoric from his confusion about the motives behind his actions. Had he been a politician he could have elaborated an elevated and convincing account of his plans on behalf of humanity and Italy, taking Napoleon's musings at St. Helena for a model. But he was simply a man of extraordinary physical and emotional vitality, who needed action and danger, and love of women and the applause of devoted followers, and could no more rationalise his hunt after these stimulants than a drunkard could unmask a settled policy behind a round of a dozen pubs. In his youth Garibaldi was a republican because Mazzini's creed offered him the quickest path to action. When he had captured Naples he handed it over to King Victor Emmanuel because the business of fitting a captured city into a political plan was outside his range of action. Mazzini, who was in hiding in Naples, saw in Garibaldi's surrender of the city the collapse of another of his hopes, but to Garibaldi Mazzini was simply the friend and leader of his youth, and when they met Garibaldi brushed aside Mazzini's hand and took him in his arms. His active life rounded off with a brilliant attempt to drive the Prussians out of France. Garibaldi spent his last days advocating perpetual peace and a league of nations, but, superbly inconsistent to the end, he devoted what time he could spare from advocating perpetual peace to training his youngest and most martial son in the art of war.

HUGH KINGSMILL

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"As one of the oldest 'Coasters' now in "West Africa, I would like to add my "tribute to the ever-reliable qualities of "Barneys. Never too dry, even in "blazing sunshine! Never too damp "even when the rain is pelting down! "And so mild on the palate that one's "enjoyment of both labour and recreation "is trebled. It is sheer joy to lean back "and give way to the mood of the "moment when Barneys fills the bowl."

(The original letter can be inspected)

We have received many wonderful letters from Barneys smokers, but never one which gave us a greater thrill than this testimony from West Africa. Out of sheer friendly appreciation the writer has given us a word-picture of Barneys and the men who smoke it which could not be excelled for happy turn of phrase or obvious sincerity.

There is little need for us to say more about Barneys . . . just read *his* letter. What *could* we add to that? And remember, we have been getting letters like it for twenty years: from Africa and Asia, from the New World and the Antipodes; from all the places which demand and appreciate Tobacco that *is* good.

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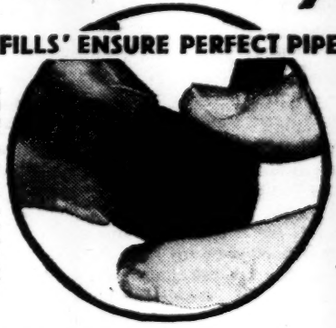

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The Economic Journal

The Quarterly Journal of the Royal Economic Society

MARCH, 1935.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 258

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a passage in heroic couplets of not more than twenty-four lines, describing (or commenting on) the Hauptmann trial, or the execution of the two women spies in Germany.

Report by G. W. Stonier

I had hoped that this competition would attract the tough-minded rather than the tender-hearted. The spectacle of the Hauptmann trial, at least as we saw it reported from day to day, was an incentive to anyone who wanted to plunge into a Darkest Africa of satire. I remember seeing at the time a headline across an evening paper: "Lindbergh Baby has not died in vain," which added a fatuous, a final and almost epigrammatic touch to the scene; and all the papers were full of incidents and asides which the competitor had merely to select and work into rhyme. There was no need to comment, so far as I could see, and certainly none to invent. The subject seemed ready made. Yet most of the competitors approached it gingerly. They have set out to instruct, reprove, warn, moralise, and pity; few of them care to shock.

When I opened the first envelope I got an authentic shock, which none of the others succeeded in equalling. For Mr. John C. Pulford, the author of the poem, had managed to fire off a salvo of praises which staggered me. I had not expected a heroic Hauptmann, but here he was, "Communist, orator, thinker and leader," tried apparently after a postponed trial by a jury of Nazis who found him innocent.

> German justice did decree to give liberty
> To the captive Hauptmann, whose property
> Was nil. Communistic he preached
> Lenin and to his few followers teached.

A number of details were given. For a moment my head spun: were there two Hauptmanns? Had Mr. Pulford gone in for the wrong competition (missed the week perhaps) or would I find that all the other competitors had followed suit, and that the initial mistake had been mine? It was with some relief that I read the next poem beginning "Columbia, hail . . ." Mr. Pulford must be a man of one idea; or perhaps he does not read the papers.

After this, the more orthodox statements and polished verses of his rivals were a little flat. Some of the competitors started off well, or at any rate solidly:

> Staunch Reilly stands, robust and red of face,
> And seems the fairy godmother of the place
>
> (LUCIFER)

—but then dribbled away into abstractions or rather feebly sparring wit. None of them did the obvious thing which I had hoped they would do: slash in a cartoon, with balloons floating out of the mouths of the protagonists, and the press whip cracking over the court. No one even mentioned the obvious jokes of cinema-men staging incidents of the trial on sets outside the court, the jury starting on a tour of the music-halls when the case was over ("it will be quite dignified; we shall merely walk on and bow"). Here and there a couplet stuck out:

> There sits th' accused, the centre of the gaze,
> Of the "mink-coated morons," and the haze
> Of many unforensic cigarettes . . .
>
> (ANTONY HOLLAND)

> Republican and democrat forget
> Their party quarrels in a mutual bet;
> When "Guilty—Death" is heard on every mouth
> The north forbears to chide the lynching south—
> And both commend, in courteous harmony
> The fatal chair or else the nearest tree . . .
>
> (GUY HADLEY)

But most of the entries fell so far short of the effect which we got by merely reading the front-page and the stop-press news, that they do not deserve mention, far less recommendation.

The execution of the women spies in Germany produced verses which were either too tearful or too pompous. In this case the poems of a number of competitors took the form of a recital of the glories of history followed by a couplet epitomising the barbarism of Nazi Germany: unfortunately, the couplet was never pointed. One or two entries, filled with godly anger, rose to a genuinely horrific height—but only for a line or two at a time. Hubert W. Williams achieved a gruesome joke with his "they levied *poll*-tax, but they spared the Pole." And Samuel D. Prudhoe ended with an unapproachable couplet:

> . . . In statesmen's halls—our Lord shall see to it—
> Hate's ghastly work, two headless women sit.
>
> (SAMUEL D. PRUDHOE)

If the rest of his poem had reached any standard at all, I should have been inclined to give him the prize.

The best were E. V. Warne (an easy winner) and James Hall, to whom prizes go; Guy Hadley and Lester Ralph were not far behind. All except the last chose Hauptmann.

FIRST PRIZE

> Say Muse, how great Columbia fram'd a Day
> Of Judgment, after thirty months delay.
> Headlines asked balm to heal a nation's wound
> (But Conscience read: "A victim must be found.")
> Shall millionaires and heroes be bereft
> Of heirs, and unaveng'd, while speech is left?
> Shall wealthy matrons, scar'd by fresh alarms,
> Appear at dinner with their babes in arms?
> Daily the nation pray'd to be protected,
> And victim after victim was rejected.
> Almost had Justice deign'd to throw the dice,
> When Bruno came—an alien sacrifice.
> While Pity's tomb receives one last sad wreath,
> A nation wipes its tears and bares its teeth.
> Pressmen produce at Flemington, N.J.,
> A million words at forty "bucks" a day.
> Betting against acquittal—four to one—
> Might well have been a hundred ere begun,
> Hear the bold Prosecutor's vengeful yell,
> Broadcast to Heaven and relay'd to Hell.
> A million movie-fans enjoy the fun:
> Exit the Enemy, World's Number One.
> Thus do we see just prayers are ne'er refus'd—
> And infants lisp their thanks to the accus'd. E. V. WARNE

SECOND PRIZE

> The prisoner sober sits with downcast gaze,
> Fearing to glance around this Bedlam maze:
> He knows the prosecution's case is built
> On this—his attitude but proves his guilt—
> He has no slightest particle of latitude,
> His guilt's established by his attitude!
> Now threat'ning fist is shaken in his face,
> He's dubbed a murderer—mankind's disgrace!
> Bullied and baited, threatened with the Chair,
> He learns that Justice means to get him there.
> And yet he can't help smiling—more or less—
> At counsel's rage because he won't confess!
> "He can't be innocent?" the public fears;
> "He's guilty!" 'tis the judgment of his peers.
> "Guilty?" would Justice say, "I quite agree;
> "But after such sore trial let him go free!" JAMES HALL

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 115.—CHUMP'S WIFE WAS SUCH A NUISANCE

"Our dinner party was such a flop. Food was ordered for ten, but Sheepshanks never turned up. Then Chump's wife (what a nuisance that woman is) refused to sit next to Podge's. Dimity's wife was two places to his right; I was two places from mine. Podge wanted to sit by Miss Dimity, but (thanks to wangling by the Chump woman) there were two places between them. Mrs. Dimity (absurdly) sat between her son and daughter; my own wife sat between two men; Chump had two women each side of him. Dimity wanted to sit next to me, but I wasn't having any of that."

What is the name of Mrs. Dimity's son?

PROBLEM 113.—THEFT OF WINIFRED'S PEARLS

Yes; Knitwit can deduce that in the eighth dance Winifred partnered Babs.

The full solution takes up a great deal of space. The line of approach is as follows:

(1) It is fairly easily deduced (by charting the available data) that in the eighth dance Babs' partner was either Winifred or Nora.

(2) It can further be deduced that if Babs' partner was Nora, Winifred's partner was Givenchy.

(3) But it will be found that, on the latter assumption, the table cannot be satisfactorily completed; whereas, on the former assumption, it can. Several solvers have worked out the full table.

PROBLEM 112.—OVERHEARD

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: D. Richardson, 24 Westwood Road, Leeds, 6.

There were 61 correct solutions. *Seven* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

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ALHAMBRA. Wednesday & Saturday. The National Ballet of Lithuania.

APOLLO. Hyde Park Corner. Wed. & Sat.

COLISEUM. Televariety. Sat.

COMEDY. Mrs. Nobby Clark. Wed., Sat.

DUKE YORK'S. There Go All of Us. W.S.

GLOBE. Youth at the Helm. Tues., Thur.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Th. & Sat.

KINGSWAY. Murder in Motley. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Theatre Royal. Wed. & Sat.

PHOENIX. "Glory Be ——" Thurs., Sat.

PICCADILLY. This Saturday. The Barretts of Wimpole Street.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. "Frolic Wind." Sat., 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Man of Yesterday. Tu., Fri.

SAVOY. Hi-Diddle Diddle! Wed., Sat.

VAUDEVILLE. Summer's Lease. W., Sat.

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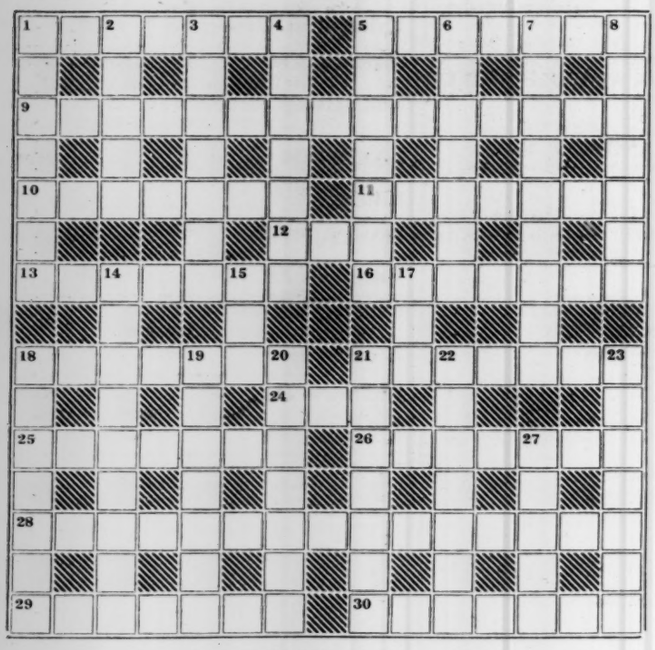
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 261

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. Appleby, 69, Grosvenor Avenue, Carshalton, Surrey

ACROSS

1. The money one puts on a horse that doesn't win?
5. A bubble in the Wash.
9. Turns up most frequently in old buildings.
10. Possibly a fast rule.
11. With their help one might appear to keep one's hair on.
12 and 17. The last straw at a meal.
13. Where to put your foot down to make things spin.
16. Roman remains by still water answer.
18. This thrush suggests an ornithological werewolf.
21. At the other end of the scale from the footman.
24. See 15.
25. Not a standing order.
26. "Would not betray the devil to his fellow."
28. His face lights up with sunshine after sunset.
29. Give the men their wages before tea.
30. "For nothing—I ever saw so noble."

DOWN

1. You must put the ark about to find it.
2. David didn't put his arm in it.
3. Frightened by a Dale ram.
4. Inherent in a way to lessen certain deficiencies.
5. A racing beginner.
6. Not the usual R.A.F. weapons.
7. Apartment provided by housing subsidy?
8. The soldier is liable to be up or down as well as on the straight.
14. How one's nails grow.
15 (*rev.*) and 24 (*rev.*) Tell connectedly, of course.
17. See 12.
18. Provides means of cooling off if you get into hot water.
19. Ale is to be put by itself.
20. His handiwork requires a gummy foundation.
21. An M.P. with his hat on at a Court.
22. Meat nil might be the prescription for this.
23. Describes nothing when it is given a name.
27. Common to 1 down and 4.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	U	R	F	R	I	D	I	N	G	■	S	C	A	B
T	■	O	■	I	■	E	■	I	■	T	■	A	■	E
R	O	U	N	D	E	L	■	A	M	O	U	N	T	S
I	■	N	■	E	■	Y	■	G	■	B	■	A	■	T
V	O	D	K	A	■	S	C	A	P	A	F	L	O	W
E	■	H	■	C	■	I	■	R	■	N	■	■	■	A
S	C	O	T	O	M	A	T	A	■	B	E	A	D	Y
■	■	L	■	C	■	■	■	■	U	■	M	■	■	■
C	H	E	C	K	■	S	Q	U	A	R	E	P	E	G
A	■	■	■	H	■	M	■	N	■	Y	■	H	■	U
P	I	C	T	O	R	I	A	L	■	C	L	I	V	E
I	■	H	■	R	■	T	■	O	■	R	■	P	■	S
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE SLUMP IN THE POUND—A CURRENCY DEPRECIATION RACE?—THE GOLD BLOC IN EXTREMIS—CEMENT—TILLINGS

THE slump in the pound—expressed in a rise in the sterling price of gold from 142*s.* to 149*s.* per ounce—enables both supporters and opponents of the National Government to make telling speeches. The former will argue that the mere thought of a victory for Socialism at the polls creates a Continental panic. The latter will reply that if it had not been for the incompetence of ministers there would have been no panic at all. The only party which cannot make political capital out of the exchange crisis is Mr. Lloyd George, the one British statesman who is well known and detested in France. Apparently, it was the prospect of Mr. Lloyd George and all his public works joining the National Government which really frightened the French capitalist out of his sterling balances. The exchange of cordiality in the MacDonald-Lloyd George letters was the final blow to French confidence in British credit. It is odd that the National Government, which was elected expressly to keep the pound on gold, should be so loath to stabilise. Extreme fluctuations in the exchanges merely upset and hamper foreign trade. I doubt whether our exporters will benefit from any further depreciation of sterling. Indeed, if the fall in the pound sterling goes much farther we shall be confronted with a further devaluation of the dollar and the break-down of the European gold bloc. There are already rumours in Wall Street that President Roosevelt will shortly devalue to the limit—that is 50 cents. gold. Why not? It is the obvious American move to force the British Government to stabilise.

* * *

To prevent panicky movements of foreign capital upsetting the exchanges, we must eventually export gold. If the Exchange Equalisation Fund is nearing the end of its gold and foreign exchange resources, it can surely buy gold from the Bank of England (at the old parity), exchange it for francs (at the current rate) and then offer the francs against sterling. What is the point of accumulating a large gold reserve at the Bank of England and then refusing to make use of it during an exchange crisis? Can it be that the Government still clings to the old superstition that gold is essential as a backing for internal currency?

* * *

Possibly the Government has some idea that it should allow the pound sterling to find its "natural level." Unfortunately it can have no natural level while the under-valued dollar and the over-valued franc are pulling it in opposite directions. Major Angas picturesquely talks of a "monetary volcano." "The mark and the Swiss franc," he says, "are some 15 per cent. over-valued in relation to the French franc; the French franc is some 15 per cent. over-valued in relation to the pound; and the pound is some 15 per cent. over-valued in relation to the dollar. These are conditions which cannot last. The position is bound, eventually, to blow up. Then chaos. Then sanity. The terrible birth-pangs of intelligent currency." I wish I could believe that sanity will come out of chaos. The only certain prospect at the moment is the chaos. I do not attach much importance at the moment to Major Angas' "over-valuations" based on the theory of purchasing power parities. With tariffs, quotas and blocked exchanges, purchasing power parities do not work. But it is true to say that on their old gold exchange parities, Italy, Belgium and Switzerland cannot live. Italy is already slipping off the old gold standard; Belgium and Switzerland cannot support it much longer. Even in Holland public opinion is now sharply divided on the gold question, whereas not long ago the anti-gold bloc consisted almost entirely of Sir Henri Deterding. Truly, the outlook for the British exporter is not very bright. Higher tariffs are not an adequate protection against the depreciation of Continental currencies. Currency chaos will impede all international trade. If these are the "birth-pangs of intelligent currency" I would be an optimist. But what if an idiot child is produced?

* * *

It still seems prudent to confine investment in British industrial shares to the "home market." In December last I was recommending Associated and British Portland Cement, whose export trade at present levels is not an important factor. British Portland is paying my estimated dividend of 17½ per cent. for the year, but Associated has increased its distribution to 10 per cent. against my estimated 8 per cent. Now it is pretty certain that 1935 will be a far better year for the cement companies than 1934. A cement company usually disposes of the bulk of its output at the beginning of the year on twelve months' contracts, so that the 1934 accounts did not show the full effect of the rise in cement prices in May and in December last year. In addition to a 6*s.* rise in prices the companies have entered into a quota arrangement, each taking a quota of the trade in their respective districts. During 1934 the demand for cement in Great Britain was the highest on record. No great increase in demand is to be expected this year, although, with unemployment in the public works contracting industry worse than in any other, there is still room for improvement. Outside the Associated Portland Cement group, the best of the independent companies, in my opinion, is Tunnel Portland Cement. It concentrates its production in what is reputed to be the finest cement works in the country. It has also gone into the brick trade and is building a cement asbestos works. Last year it earned 28 per cent. and paid 18 per cent. and the estimates of dividends for 1935 range from 22½ per cent. to 25 per cent.

	Present Price.	Dividend %	Yield %
Associated Portland Cement, £1 ..	44/9	10	£4 9 3
British Portland Cement, £1 ..	4⅛	17½	£4 5 0
Tunnel Portland Cement, 10*s.* ..	43/-	If 22½%	£5 4 9
		If 25%	£5 16 3

Members of Parliament who have been anxious about the shellac, pepper and tin pools may be wondering whether there is an even worse evil in the cement pool. The vice-chairman of Tunnel Portland Cement at the general meeting this week declared that consumers need have no fear that the cement trade would exploit them. There would be no restriction of output, and the price which they charged, he thought, was a reasonable one, being practically at the pre-war level. "We are never likely," he said, "to make spectacular profits on cement. We are a basic industry in this country and therefore we have a duty to perform which is more vital than that of making excessive profits." I hope that British directors will echo the noble sentiments of the Danish vice-chairman of this enterprising company.

* * *

Three months ago I was arguing that Thomas Tilling ordinary shares were fully valued at about 106*s.* To my chagrin the shares subsequently rose to 118*s.*, but they are now back again to 105*s.* 6*d.* cum the 100 per cent. share bonus. How should they be valued to-day? The inordinate profits which the company was making on its London buses were in excess of £150,000 a year. On the London Transport stocks which it got in exchange it received last year only £50,000. However, the company does not intend at present to distribute its London Transport "C" stock to its shareholders as the directors are satisfied that under efficient administration the full standard dividend on the "C" stock will be paid.

In passing, the standard dividend on the London Transport "C" stock becomes 5½ per cent. in the year beginning July 1, 1935, and if any dividend less than 5½ per cent. is paid in three consecutive years after July 1 the holders of not less than 5 per cent. of the issue have the right to apply to the High Court for the appointment of a receiver—to the shame of our legislators. For the year ending June 30, 1935, a dividend of 4 per cent. is expected on the "C" stock, which will bring the total earnings on Thomas Tilling's increased ordinary share capital to about 12½ per cent. If we may assume that a dividend of 11 per cent. will be paid, the yield on Thomas Tilling shares at 52*s.* 9*d.* ex bonus will be £4 3*s.* 6*d.* per cent. Much depends upon the question whether the provincial bus companies of the Thomas Tilling group have in the past been hiding their real profits (as many believe) or can increase their earnings by cheaper running (e.g. on diesel engines). I have no doubt that as a public utility service motor buses make excessive profits. So, if Thomas Tilling shares fall below 50*s.* ex bonus they will be an attractive purchase.

* * *

Reverting to the question of gold shares, a purchase of which I recommended last week. I must correct one statement I made—that as the result of the surcharge of 35 per cent. on the excess profits tax the mines may alter their mining policy and raise the grade of ore. Apparently, the South African Minister of Finance intends to take 50 per cent. of the "excess profits" as defined in his formula, whatever they happen to be. There is, therefore, no reason why the grade of ore milled should be increased as the result of the new surcharge; in other words, there is no reason why the mines should want to swell the volume of the "excess profits."

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Total Assets at end of the year, **£60,982,433,** being an increase of **£2,262,372** during the year.

Total Claims Paid in the year, **£7,004,941.** The Company has paid **£89,203,861** in claims since its establishment.

The Total Assurances existing on December 31st, 1934 amounted to **£74,288,123** in the Ordinary Branch and **£103,843,940** in the Industrial Branch.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Lecture on "IRAQ AND HER NEIGHBOURS" will be given by MAJOR-GENERAL ROWAN-ROBINSON, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A. (late Inspector-General of the Iraqi Army) at KING'S COLLEGE Strand, W.C.2) on FRIDAY, MARCH 15th, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by Brig.-General Sir Percy Sykes, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

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Academic Registrar

SEX EDUCATION.
DR. OSWALD SCHWARZ, of Vienna University.
March 19th. What Sexuality really Means.
March 21st. The Development of Sex (1).
March 26th. The Development of Sex (2).
March 28th. Sex Education.
At Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 6.30 p.m.
Tickets for Course, 6s. Single 2s.
From Dept. X., New Education Fellowship, 29, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

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SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, 3.30 to 4.45 p.m.
THIRTY-EIGHTH COURSE OF ADDRESSES.
"*MAKERS OF THE MODERN MIND.*"
SUNDAYS.
Mar. 10th. S. J. DE LOTBINIÈRE, General Talks Executive, B.B.C.: "Marconi and Broadcasting."
And at 6.30, DR. MAUDE ROYDEN: "CRYING PEACE WHERE THERE IS NO PEACE."
Mar. 17th. WALTER A. MORTON, Ph.D.: "President Roosevelt."
Mar. 24th. Mrs. WINIFRED RAPHAEL, B.Sc., Superintendent of the Personal Section, Institute of Industrial Psychology: "The Industrial Psychologist and the Modern Worker." (Lantern Slides.)
No Tickets are required, but a Collection will be taken.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, March 10th, at 11 a.m.: PROF. F. AVELING, D.Sc.: "THE CONQUEST OF PAIN: MENTAL AND BODILY ATTITUDES." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Tuesday, March 12th, at 7 p.m.: MISS CICELY HAMILTON: "WHAT I SAW IN RUSSIA." Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

CONWAY MEMORIAL LECTURE. DR. G. P. GOOCH will deliver the Twenty-sixth Lecture, entitled "DICTATORSHIP IN THEORY AND PRACTICE," at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, on Wednesday, March 13th. Chair to be taken by MR. JOHN A. HOBSON at 7 p.m. Admission free. Reserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be obtained from Conway Hall.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, Sunday, Mar. 10 at 11. MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: LIVING WITH OTHERS. 6.30. DR. STANTON COIT: BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS—INSIGHT.

AT 7 St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Sunday, March 10th, 8 p.m., MR. NOEL KERR LINDSAY, M.P., "THE FUTURE OF CONSERVATISM." Tuesday, March 12th, 8 p.m., "THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS," MR. ANDREW MACLAREN. Free. Discussion.

THE GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. "Nations in the News." 2nd Series. March 15th, 8 o'clock—RUSSIA. MR. N. MAYORSKI.
Admission Free. LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION. Entrance 12 Berwick St., S.W.1.

PROBLEMS of Writing in the U.S.S.R.: A lecture by RALPH FOX at Chanticler Restaurant, Frith Street, London, W.1, on Wednesday, March 13th, at 8 p.m.
In the chair: HON. IVOR MONTAGU.
Tickets 1s. at door on night, or from Collett's Bookshop, 66 Charing Cross Road.

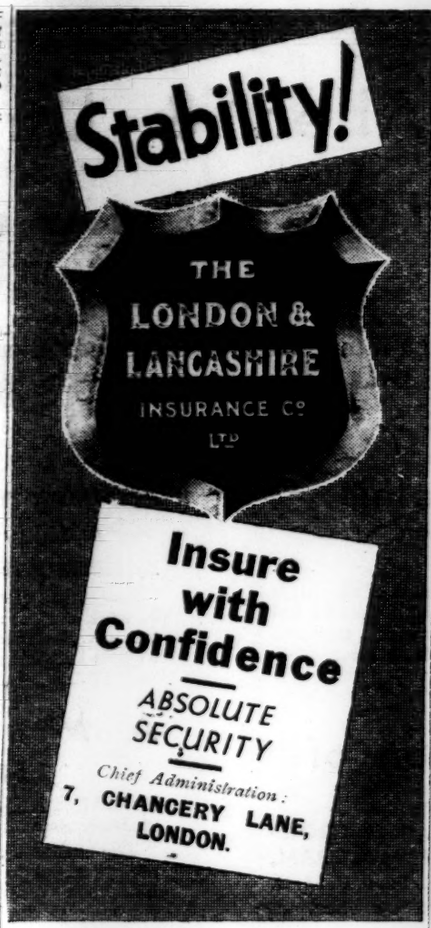
SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, Century Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove. Monday, Mar. 11th, 7.30. Lecture by a doctor: "SOME COMMON SEXUAL MALADJUSTMENTS." Admission 6d.

WHAT IS SOCIAL CREDIT? MR. A. L. GIBSON, F.C.A., will tell you at 8.15 p.m. on Thursday, March 21st, at Central Hall, Westminster. Chairman, Marquis of Tavistock. Tickets 2s. 6d., 1s., 6d. Box Office, Central Hall. 'Phone: Whitehall 7197.

FEDERATION of PROGRESSIVE SOCIETIES and INDIVIDUALS LECTURE,
CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.2.
Monday, March 11th, at 8 p.m. LORD ALLEN on "THE POLITICS OF PROGRESS IN 1935." Chairman, GERALD HEARD. Tickets: Members, 6d.; Non-members, 1s. Apply to the SECRETARY, 7 NEW SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN, W.C.2. Tel.: Holborn 8308. Or at Door.

CLUB

THE FILM CLUB for Cinema enthusiasts offers reduced West-end Cinema seats, lectures (Fairbanks, Asquith, Wright, etc.), Sunday shows, for 7s. 6d. per annum. Details SECRETARY, 61 Dartmouth Road, N.W.2



SCHOLARSHIPS

MILL HILL SCHOOL, N.W.7.
Entrance Scholarships.
An examination will be held on the 29th May (preliminary) and 6th to 8th June (final) when several Entrance Scholarships will be offered for competition to candidates who are over 12 and under 14 years of age on 1st April, 1935.
The value of the Scholarships varies between a nominal sum and a maximum of £100 per annum according to (1) the financial position of the boy's parents; (2) the standard of the boy's attainments. Two of the Scholarships at least, however, are of a minimum value of £80 per annum. Valuable Ministerial Exhibitions are also offered for the sons of Christian Ministers.
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DURHAM SCHOOL.—THE EXAMINATION FOR KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS ranging in annual value from £20 to £70 will begin at 9 a.m. on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19th. Candidates must be under 14 on March 1st, 1935. For further particulars apply to Rev. H. K. LUCE, M.A., B.D., Headmaster, School House, Durham.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS
About twelve Scholarships and Exhibitions of a value of from £100 to £30 per annum to be offered as a result of the Examination to be held at Sherborne School, beginning on Tuesday, June 4th, including special Exhibitions for the sons of Clergy, sons of Barristers, and sons of Officers in H.M. Forces.
For full particulars, apply to the HEADMASTER, Sherborne School, Sherborne, Dorset.

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BEDALES SCHOOL, Petersfield (Co-educational). *Scholarship examination*, Wednesday, March 20th. 6-10 Scholarships offered annually (value £20-60 each per annum), including some for Arts and Music. Apply, Headmaster, J. H. BADLEY.

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